

The WAR CRY



OFFICIAL ORGAN of

The SALVATION ARMY

William Booth
Founder

in Canada East & Newfoundland
International Headquarters
101 Queen Victoria St. London E.C.

Territorial Headquarters
James and Albert Sts. Toronto.

Edward J. Higgins
General

No. 2466. Price Five Cents

TORONTO, JANUARY 23, 1932

JAMES HAY, Commissioner

HELP!



EVERY DAY IS DANGEROUS ON THE SEA OF LIFE - TO SOMEBODY.

So The Army life-boat goes restlessly out in answer to the cry of those in need of help

DAILY MEDITATIONS

SUNDAY

Scripture reading: Gen. 19:1-3; 12-16

A thought for the day:

Constant activity in doing good and endeavoring to make others happy, is one of the surest ways of making ourselves so.

Let us sing Song No. 497.

MONDAY

Scripture reading: Gen. 19:17-29

A thought for the day:

He who will live for others shall have great troubles, but they shall seem to him small. He who will live for himself shall have small troubles, but they shall seem to him great.—Dean Inge.

Let us sing Song No. 449.

TUESDAY

Scripture reading: Gen. 21:1-11

A thought for the day:

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—John Milton.

Let us sing Song No. 192.

WEDNESDAY

Scripture reading: Gen. 21:12-21

A thought for the day:

It is with narrow-souled people as it is with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring out.

Let us sing Song No. 867.

THURSDAY

Scripture reading: Gen. 22:1-8

A thought for the day:

Oh, trifle not with time—'tis but an hour;

Redeem its every moment day by day;

Press forward to the front.

Let us sing Song No. 734.

FRIDAY

Scripture reading: Gen. 22:9-18

A thought for the day:

Hate is like fire—it makes even light rubbish deadly.—George Eliot.

Let us sing Song No. 442.

SATURDAY

Scripture reading: Gen. 23:1-20

A thought for the day:

They do well, or do their duty, who with alacrity do what they ought.—La Bruyere.

Let us sing Song No. 595.

ART OF DOING WITHOUT

"THERE is an art of doing without which we must needs cultivate to-day. We distinguish between wants and needs. We want many things, but our needs are comparatively few. We have grown accustomed to think we need certain things when we merely want them. We now have to get accustomed to doing without them.

"Dr. Have-to is an excellent physician. His medicine sometimes has a nasty taste, but it does you good."—The Rev. T. E. Ruth, of Sydney, Australia.

"When Peter Takes Off My Front Glass"

IT WAS ONLY the simple testimony of an unlettered deep-sea diver, but it spoke more eloquently of a glorious life than the glibly-golden utterances of some orators we have heard.

"I mean to go on," said this great rugged son of the sea, "till they call me up for the last time. Then, when Peter takes off my front glass"—here he breaks into the beautifully-realistic parlance of his own profession—"and asks me how I got on, I do hope and pray that I shall be able to say, 'All right! I have done my job.'"

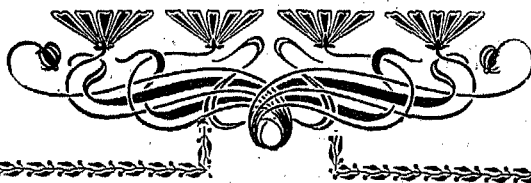
SURELY none but the shallow-minded would scoff at such simple realism. After all, the word-clothing in which our soul experiences appear to the world is not the thing of primary value. The fact that really counts is the quality of the experience. Some materialists exalt the sense-life in gilded speech; but flambuoyancy cannot expunge the fact that their experiences are realized on a base and sensual plane of living.

"I HAVE done my job." Few experiences afford greater satisfaction than a sense of duty well done. For a Christian such a statement implies the shouldering of spiritual obligations. We are bound by the bonds of love to seek the eternal welfare of our fellow-men. Each Christian has a pulpit: it may be a carpenter's bench. It may be a factory or office; it may be the deck of a vessel.

"THERE was a light once," wrote Oliver Schreiner in one of her books. "Men set it on high within a lighthouse, that it

might yield light to all souls at sea; that afar off they might see its steady light and find harbor, and escape the rocks. And that light flickered and flared. It went this way and it went that; it burnt blue, and green and red; now it disappeared altogether . . . And men, far out at sea, kept their eyes fixed where they knew the light should be, saying, 'We are safe; the great light will lead us when we near the rocks.' And . . . in the stillness of the midnight they struck on the lighthouse rocks and went down at its feet."

Do men trust your light? Is it a failing light? Or will you be able to say, when the Great Day comes, "I have done my job"?



THE FRAGRANCE OF LIVING

Rose Petals, Idealism, and Progress

It takes ten thousand kilos of rose petals to make one kilo of attar of roses. Which reminds us that not only for this rare perfume does it take much to make little, but if the fragrance of living is to endure, ten

thousand kilos of idealism will make but one kilo of human progress. We need to remember this when the steel of our good courage tends to lose its temper, is the wise suggestion of John C. Wingett.

DID THE MASTER SMILE?

WE WERE holding a service of praise recently. A chorus was sung containing a reference to the smile of Jesus. Up jumped a brother, who made the startling announcement that Jesus was never known to have smiled. "At least," he said, "we have no record of it in the Bible."

Up to a certain point our brother may be correct. There is no definite sentence to the effect that Jesus smiled, but it is most probable that He did. If we observe closely the actions and words of our Saviour we must realize that He smiled! He was perfectly human. It would be natural for Him to be patient, sympathetic, and even stern when occasion demanded it. His natural tendencies caused Him to weep and just as surely—to smile.

Let us, in imagination, visit the sea of Galilee. Here we find two burly fishermen casting a net into the sea. As they toil, a Stranger approaches them and commands: "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." Don't you think that behind that command there was something pleasant, something alluring, something charming in the countenance of the Stranger of Galilee?

Here is a great crowd. We follow, and are soon climbing a mountain. Now Jesus addresses the multitude. Does He speak sadly? Not at all. His whole soul goes out to those who are listening to His wonderful new doctrine. His theme is one of rejoicing and happiness and He exhorts His audience to "Rejoice and be exceedingly glad." No sorrowful countenance there.

We are thrilled, and stay to hear more of this great sermon. The subject now touches on fasting. "Be not as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance," says the Master, "for they disfigure their faces." Would He tell this crowd not to do something which He himself did?

What a wonderfully sympathetic smile He must have given to the woman who, in faith, touched His garment that she might be made whole. How beautiful were the cheering words He spoke to her: "Daughter, be of good comfort, thy faith hath made thee whole."

A group of women, learning of the fame of Jesus, brought their little ones to Him for a blessing. His disciples would have turned them away, but I fancy I see that captivating smile as He stretched forth His hand and blessed each child.

During His ministry He was a guest at a marriage feast. A shortage of wine was evident. Gloom would be cast over the whole gathering, but the Master saved an acute situation. Imagine the joyful smile He must have had when He saw the relieved expression on the faces of the bride

(Continued on page 14)

DO YOU KNOW THE TRUTH?

TRUTH gets well if it is run over by a locomotive, said Bryant, while Error dies of lockjaw if she scratches her finger? And the versatile "Professor at the Breakfast Table" has elucidated thus: "Truth is tough. It will not break like a bubble at a touch; nay, you may kick it about all day, like a football, and it will be round and full at even-

ing." Nothing flimsy about truth! That's the quality of truth—it never changes. Some have declared that truth is as elusive as a ghost—and about as substantial. But Truth does exist—it is real, definite, not relative and shadowy.

Our eternal destiny will depend upon the way we stand in relation to truth. Jesus said, "I am the Truth." When He is

in our life then we possess the supreme standard of living, and the Divine means of reaching that standard.

Let the Truth enter your life and free it from error and sin and prejudice. Christ came that we might know the truth concerning ourselves, our sin, our God, and our future. Seek guidance and strength from Him.

Letters are received continually telling of the value of "The War Cry." More Heralds are needed to make our paper of much wider influence. Will you volunteer for this most effective service? In the article printed below, in which Colonel Hipsey, a zealous "War Cry" Champion, tells of his heralding experiences in England, there is much which should encourage many more comrades to take up this valuable work.

My Friend "The War Cry"

FOR providing first-hand contact with the people, I know of nothing so effective as "The War Cry."

With a heart touched with the love of God and compassionate sympathy for the people, the man or woman who takes up a bundle of "War Crys" and "Young Soldiers" is on the right road for a time of rich spiritual blessing, not to speak of a good deal of fun!

Pathos and comedy, tragedy and joy, meet the Salvationist armed with "The War Cry." Hearts bursting with life's troubles are found just behind the knocker, if one is a good listener and has "a heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize."

"You have no right in the public-houses! You would pull them down if you could." This remark is often heard. My reply to that is always in the form of a question.

"Why do the trawlers go to the dangerous North Sea?"

"To catch fish, of course," my friends reply. "That is why we come to public-houses!" I can then add. The words are always effective, especially if my hearers feel that they are the fish!

"War Cry!" We have had enough war!"

"But this is the other kind of war; war with the Devil and all that is wrong."

"Oh!"

That is a new thought to them.

"Winner?"

"Yes, the Winner of Life's Race, and you will want Him before you



Hearts bursting with life's troubles are found just behind the knocker

finish. Put your all on Him and He will never let you down!"

"Star?"

"Yes, the star of Bethlehem!" This reply usually causes a smile.

"Cry?"

"I have been crying all day."

"But have you started crying to God about your sins?"

"Sins? I've got none!"

This reply causes a sensation, and I usually say:

"Put him in a glass case for the museum, and label it: 'The Man who has not Sinned,' followed by: 'There is none righteous, no, not one.'"

I have found a great field for service within the streets of the city of London, inside the old gates—Aldgate, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, Holborn, Smithfield, and Billingsgate. Tower Hill is a fighting-ground to delight the lover of a Salvation com-

bat. I have discovered some rare fields of labor. There is a "Thieves' Kitchen," in the East End, for instance, where I am always assailed with a chorus: "What? Selling 'War Crys' here? Give us something to eat!" I usually manage to part with a few coppers as well as sell my papers.

I have lost from my overcoat pocket more than one packet (of brown paper) which some light-fingered gentleman has afterward found to be of less value than he thought.

Father Thames offers another sphere of action. On the British Dutch, Russian, Norwegian, Italian, and other ships below London Bridge I can distribute Army papers printed in various languages. Only on one boat was I received with hostility. There the quartermaster picked up my papers and threw them overboard, saying: "There is no God."

In the Coffee Shops

Coffee shops present yet another opportunity. Owners and customers avail themselves of the "Cry" man's visit. Incidentally, we can assure the man in the public-house that we sell "Crys" everywhere, and not in public-houses only, and so meet the protest I have often heard:

"I dare not buy a 'War Cry' here; my wife will know I have been in a 'pub.'"

Coffee-shop keepers, ice-cream and fruit venders, and the Italian Colony in Holborn are willing customers. An Italian lady who works in a shop window not a stone's throw from International Headquarters, always accepts an Italian "War Cry" with evident pleasure. Chinese, Japanese, Indian, French, and Swedish people have opened their eyes in pleased astonishment when I have offered them a "War Cry" in their mother tongue.

"How did you know I was American?" said a lady seated in a motor-car when I placed the highly-colored frontispiece of one of our U.S.A. "War Crys" in her hand. It had not been hard to read the signs.

"Ah! I have not seen 'The War Cry' for years," my customers remark. Then memories awake.

Of recent years the population of our towns and cities have migrated farther afield and have got out of touch with The Army Halls. Old-time Salvationists now live in districts where the Officer is seldom seen, but they want "The War Cry" and "The Young Soldier."

Friendly publicans are far more numerous than unfriendly ones. Some buy "The War Cry" and give the visitors a hearty welcome. I once stood behind the bar and served beer. When I tell this fact to my friends in the public-houses they are deeply interested.

When I was a small boy my father frequently gave me a long drink of port wine in the "Dirty Dick" public-house, and I remember these things as I am offered a drink and say: "Not for all the money in London." When I tell them that God saved me out of a public-house, they are more inclined to listen.

I could tell many "War Cry" stories. Once I looked into a house and saw an empty grate and bare cupboard. Sitting in the room and hearing the distracted wife's explanations I asked myself what was one to do? Words would be cold comfort so we got upon our knees and prayed, and before leaving I found something to help the family over the days to follow.

Taught a Lesson

Next week I called again. The woman met me with a smile, saying:

"Since you prayed with us everything has gone all right." No mention was made of the money, but the prayer was remembered. This taught me a lesson. People who are spiritually helped will remember it when all else fades from their memories.

I was met at the door on one occasion with a triple cry of tragedy. The blue Persian kitten was lost, the favorite dog was lost, and a small child



was lost! I was invited to pray for the kitten's recovery, and the pet was found and restored. As for the dog and child, both were found after the phone wires had been used and the police consulted.

A mother met me at the door with tears running down her face. Her little girl was in the hospital and was "on the slate"—dangerously ill.

"Do you pray?" I asked. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity."

We prayed there and at our little Corps prayer-meeting.

Prayer Answered

Next week I learned that the child was still alive. The following week she was out of danger, and recently I saw a rosy-faced little girl at the door while a proud mother said: "This is the one!" As the child's recovery was the fruit of answered prayer, the mother agreed to give her to God to be a "Hallelujah lassie."

We are besieged with requests from young people for "something to read," and it is our duty to see that that "something" is Salvation matter. The extra pennies that people give enable us to provide for those who have no pennies, but who would be deeply wounded if sent empty-handed away.

The front page of "The War Cry" reaches the eyes and souls of thousands of people. They look at it even if they have no intention of buying. I can myself reach many thousands of souls in a few hours of "War Cry" selling in the city of London by means of the front page only.

More of Mutunjwa's Story: An account of the life of a Zulu Army Officer

(Continued from last week)

MATUNJWA'S journey to Piet Retief proved a protracted one, but he nevertheless decided to spare time for a visit to Idalia. Circumstances arose to baulk him. Firstly, there was a river which, because it was swollen by recent rains, he could not cross. There being no kraal in the vicinity, he sought to be accommodated in a white man's store until the waters should subside. It turned out, however, that the white man, either accidentally or by design, had just been shot in one arm, and the police, in the absence of evidence as to who fired the gun, were detaining all natives who visited the premises. Temporarily, therefore, Matunjwa found himself a prisoner, though his release immediately followed the arrival of a European official.

Consequent upon this incident, the news spread far that a representative of The Salvation Army was visiting the district; whence it came about that two native girls, sent by the blind woman, arrived to fetch Matunjwa and show him where the flooded river could be crossed. Accordingly he soon found himself in Idalia, and once more in the presence of the blind woman. He also spoke with a number of persons living thereabouts who manifestly held her in affectionate

esteem. One of these was another wife of the blind woman's late husband. The story Matunjwa now heard made a strong appeal to his Salvationist sympathies.

Early happenings were told in full detail by the other wife. She explained that, a fortnight after their husband's death, the blind woman (who was not then blind) became very ill indeed, her death seemed to come about and she was prepared in readiness for burial. But the digging of her grave was delayed by a heavy thunderstorm, and in the meantime she revived. It soon became apparent that after sinking into unconsciousness as one sort of woman, she had returned to kraal in a new character and completely blind. She said she had just come from a far away place, where it was told her that, because she had been a wicked woman, she would never more look upon the things of earth. (And in this connection she confessed to thefts of money, pumpkin seed, etc., and at once set about making restitution.) Also in that far-away place, she said, she was bidden to give up drinking and smoking (practices in which she formerly had rather freely indulged) and be christened.

It happened that a new minister

had recently settled in the district, and she readily became a member of his Church, receiving the name of Elizabeth. But in one respect this minister proved a perplexity to her. He himself made use of tobacco and alcoholic beverages, and specifically sanctioned smoking and drinking among his people. The blind woman, when her opinion was sought, felt constrained to speak in a contrary sense. This came to the minister's ears, and he was greatly displeased with her.

He bade the blind woman remember her place and not presume to question the judgment and authority of one who, because of his race and training, must needs know better than she. Since, however, such reproaches failed to make the blind woman change her tone, the minister proceeded to the extreme of erasing her name from his roll of membership.

To a meeting held at Piet Retief he announced this action, laying stress on the delinquency of disregarding his ruling and of condemning such innocent practices as smoking a cigaret and drinking a glass of mild ale. The result proved other than the minister had expected.

(To be continued)

A DREADFUL ANSWER

A Message of Vital Importance to Every True Believer.



DOWN through the ages every cry for the complete cure of sin has been met in certain quarters with the response that the only hope is the grave.

This dreadful answer belittles the power of God and dishonors the Holy Spirit, the Sanctifier. It dwarfs and degrades the Gospel, because it makes it, in respect to entire sanctification as great a failure as the Law. It dishonors Christ, because it ascribes to death a greater power than it admits of Him, making it exterminate that inbred sin which had suc-

cessfully defied His grace, and absurdly making an effect annihilate its cause. It dishonors the Holy Spirit—called Holy because it is His office to make believers perfectly holy—by making death usurp his office, and accomplish a work which had baffled His power.

We find not a vestige of Scripture favoring either the idea that sanctification can only be experienced after death or that death is necessary to provide a spiritual purging. It is not, however, denied that many souls who aspire after Holiness, but who through all their lives have been bewildered by erroneous teachings and misapplied Scriptures, do as they approach eternity rise above the mists, and, aided by the special illumination of the Holy Spirit, lay hold of Christ as a complete Saviour, and experience perfect cleansing through faith in His Blood.

Many of these have testified to a strong regret that this grace of perfect love, casting out all fear, and excluding all sin, was not received and enjoyed by them many years before, while in the full enjoyment of health. They now see that this was their privilege, and that death is by no means a factor or a condition of entire sanctification. They plainly declare that they missed this great

grace through some groundless prejudice or through too great reliance on fallible human teachers, to the neglect of the great Teacher, Jesus Christ, and a reluctance to follow perfectly the unerring Guide, the Holy Spirit.

The candid student of the New Testament, especially of the Epistles, will not fail to discover the prominence given the purification of the body as well as the spirit through faith in Christ. The strongest proof text for the entire sanctification of the body in the present life is found in that prayer of the Apostle Paul in Thessalonians in which he makes an exhaustive analysis of man's compound nature, and prays that each specific part may be preserved blameless, after supplicating the very God of peace to sanctify the whole.

In his enumeration of parts, Paul descends from the highest and distinctive part, the spirit, the dome of man's being, wherein he is receptive of the Holy Spirit, to the animal part, containing the passions and appetites in common with the brutes, the second part in the detail which needs the purifying power; thence he goes down to the material foundations of this divine temple and prays for the keeping pure of the sanctified body.

Have you obtained this blessing?

YOUTHFUL HERALDS

And Their Exploits

LET us present this week some youthful "War Cry" heralds of great enthusiasms, whose exploits in the way of getting The Army's silent preacher into the hands of the people, rival those of many older comrades who for years have been treading the heraldic road.

Meet first, Junior Bramwell Eberheart, of whom Captain Marskell, of Collingwood, writes:



Junior B. Eberheart, Collingwood

"Our young comrade was not asked to sell 'War Crys,' but discovering that his mother had twenty-five copies of the Christmas number to sell, he thought he would like to help dispose of them, and so set to work. In a short time he had sold the lot.

"He reported that everybody wanted a copy, and it was great fun. We are quite proud of Bramwell and wondered if you had space for such a lad's picture." (Sure thing.—Ed.)

"The Christmas Number has brought many favorable comments from our business men. The general make-up and contents proved very interesting."

Then here are two young zealots of Listowel. The young giant, by name, Roy Campbell, is fifteen years of age, no more, no less. He is the tallest Junior Soldier in the Corps.



Juniors Roy Campbell and Elsie MacKenzie, of Listowel

But he has further claim to distinction, for he sold no fewer than 168 Christmas "War Crys." Well done, Roy.

But wait. Take a good look at the lassie. Not so big—in stature; but she has a big heart. Her name? Elsie MacKenzie.

She also, armed with Christmas "War Crys," sallied forth to battle, and, though a year younger than the "big boy," beat him to it, for before she returned, she had disposed of 187 copies. Congratulations!

TORONTO EAST DIVISIONAL FESTIVAL OF SONG IN YORKVILLE CITADEL
Tuesday, January 19th, at 8 p.m.
Danforth, Riverdale, East Toronto, and North Toronto Brigades
Lieut.-Colonel Saunders will preside
Staff-Captain B. Coles will conduct the United Brigades

BOB AND BILL:

BILL and Bob attended Sunday School in the same village in England. Bob was so ill-mannered that he was turned out. About that time The Army commenced to work the village as an Outpost from Earsham. Bob attended the meetings and got soundly converted. This happened years ago, and he has been a Salvationist and Bandsman ever since.

Bob shed his influence wherever he went and was called "Happy Bob." His life at home was such that his younger brother, a quiet reserved lad, gave his heart to God and became a Salvationist and Bandsman, and later became the Bandmaster, which position he has occupied at Fishponds, Bristol, for the past twenty-five years.

Bill's parents moved away from the home village and Bill got away from home influence and went into sin. But not for very long. Bill never forgot the teaching in the Sunday School and one Sunday morning he heard a Band playing the tunes he learned in childhood and made up his mind to see these queer people. Going to the town of Chippenham, one Sunday evening, he was surprised to see a Band of about thirty-five instrumentalists, and about 150 Soldiers following the Band. Crowds of people lined the streets and sidewalks.

Bill did not understand it all, but followed to the Hall. Every available space was taken. Bill soon felt the power of God. He repented of his sin, and that night, with about twenty-four others, he gave his heart to God.

What a Fight!

Bill did not realize what a fight it was going to be to "stand like the brave," but set out with a determination what by the grace of God he would win. A short while after conversion he was asked to learn to play a horn. What could a poor country lad do in the way of learning music, he thought, but he proved that with God all things are possible. He set to and has now been a Bandsman for over forty years. And not only has he been blowing, but singing, talking, praying in factory, workshop, on mountain top, in valley, on the farm, in the bush, on the railway, in village, town and city; over water, under water, on the housetop, on the

doorstep, in the house, everywhere.

Bill's influence at home was such that his brother, a drunkard, got soundly converted and for many years has been a Salvationist and Bandsman.

Bill, (Bandsman Butler of Kingsville) tells in outline the story of two village lads

Now, Bill has had to be laid off from the Band for a while owing to ill-health, and feels it keenly. But he is looking forward to the future, hoping to be able to take his place in the front line again.

Three Veteran Soldiers at Rest

SISTER MRS. G. ROBINSON, Peterboro

From the ranks of the Peterboro Temple Corps, God has seen fit to call Home to her Reward, Young People's Legion Leader Mrs. G. Robinson, one of the veterans. Converted in 1883 at Attercliffe, in Yorkshire, England, during the command of the late Commissioner Rees, then Captain, our comrade was for many years a Soldier at Belfast I, and in 1906 came to



Sister Mrs. G. Robinson, Peterboro

Canada. Having Soldiered at Glace Bay for four years, she removed to Peterboro, where she has served ever since.

An active worker in the Corps, our comrade had been identified with the League of Mercy for many years, and was a Songster for a considerable time. Her chief interest, however, was with the young people and for the whole period of her Soldiership she had been engaged in Young People's activities as a Company Guard, and for many years as Young People's Legion Leader. Always diligent, and

of happy disposition, she will be missed from the Corps.

The funeral was conducted by Adjutant Falle, both Senior and Young People's musical combinations being present. Many gathered at the memorial service where tributes were paid to our Sister's memory by some of her old comrades in the War. One soul, during the funeral service, surrendered to God, and in a later service witnessed to the fact that the victory had been won.

Left to mourn are the husband, Bandsman G. Robinson, Songster Mae Robinson, Brother and Sister F. Robinson and family.

BANDSMAN G. BROOKER, Brantford

In the early hours of the last day of the old year the Call came to one of our oldest Bandsmen, Brother George Brooker. Our comrade had attended Band practice on Wednesday night, and his sudden passing has greatly moved all who knew him. Thank God he was ready.

The late Bandsman came to this city about twenty-five years ago from Portslade, where he was converted and where he was a Bandsman. On coming to Brantford, he took his place in the Band and for many years played monstre bass and latterly the bass trombone.

The funeral service was conducted by Commandant Galway who spoke very tenderly to the bereaved. The procession to the Cemetery was headed by the Band who thus paid tribute to their old comrade. The memorial service was conducted by Major and Mrs. Kendall. Several speakers made reference to our comrade's life and service, and the Band played, "Eventide," one of his favorite selections.—C.C.

BRITISH COMMISSIONER**In Hospital for Treatment**

Latest news of the British Commissioner, whose indisposition was reported in our last issue, is to the effect that he has entered a London hospital for an operation.

Although the Commissioner was not able to attend the office for some days before entering hospital, he kept in close touch with the affairs of the British Field. Pray for Commissioner and Mrs. Jeffries at this time.

AUSTRALIA'S PIONEER**Promoted to Glory**

In the year 1890, an Army convert named John Gore, a milkman, emigrated to Adelaide, Australia, where he met a builder from Bradford who had also been saved in The Army. Without waiting for Officers to arrive, they formed themselves into a Corps and placed the work under the temporary leadership of Gore.

"We need you as quick as fire and steam can bring you!" wrote Gore to the Founder.

Captain and Mrs. Sutherland were forthwith set apart to join the pioneers, and early in January, 1881, set sail for Australia.

The milkman became an Officer and did service as Adjutant John Gore. In 1924 he was awarded the Order of the Founder. News has now been received of the promotion to Glory from Australia, of this pioneer comrade.

Coming Events**COMMISSIONER & MRS. HAY**

RIVERDALE, Wed Jan 20 (Half-night of Prayer)

*HAMILTON, Sat Sun Jan 24 (Young People's Day)

HAMILTON I, Wed Jan 27

EAST TORONTO, Mon Feb 1

TORONTO I, Sun Feb 7 (morning)

YORKVILLE, Sun Feb 7 (evening)

TORONTO Sun Feb 14 (Toronto East Divisional Young People's Day)

(*Colonel Adby (R.) will accompany)

MRS. COMMISSIONER HAY

TORONTO TEMPLE, Mon Feb 1
(Mrs. Colonel Dalziel will accompany)

COLONEL DALZIEL
(The Chief Secretary)

Oshawa, Sun Jan 24
West Toronto, Mon Jan 25
Hamilton, Wed Jan 27
Windsor, Sun Feb 28 (Young People's Day)
Danforth, Fri Jan 29
St. Catharines, Sat Sun Jan 30 to 31
Verdun, Sat Sun Feb 6 to 7
Newmarket, Wed Feb 17

Colonel Adby (R.): Galt Thurs Jan 28; Hespeler, Fri 29; Waterloo, Sat Jan 30 to Mon Feb 1; Hamilton II, Sat Mon 8

Colonel McAmmond: Listowel, Thurs Jan 21; Palmerston, Fri 22; Owen Sound, Sat Sun 24; Hanover, Mon 25

Lieut.-Colonel Bladin: Point St. Charles, Sat Jan 23 to Fri 29; Sherbrooke, Sat Jan 30 to Fri Feb 5; Cornwall, Sat Mon Feb 8

Lieut.-Colonel Saunders: Fairbank, Sun Jan 24; Brock Ave., Sat Sun Feb 7

Brigadier Hawkins: Danforth, Fri Jan 22

Brigadier Tilley: Hamilton IV, Fri Jan 22; Hamilton V, Fri 29; St. Catharines, Sat Sun 31

Major Best: London I, Fri Jan 22; Seaforth, Sat Sun 24; Clinton, Mon 25; Exeter, Tues 26; London I, Fri 29; Stratford, Sat Sun 31

Major Campbell (R.): Long Branch, Sun Thurs Jan 28; Paris, Mon Feb 1; Galt, Tues Feb 2

Major Ham: Long Branch, Fri Jan 22; Lippincott, Sun 24; Swansea, Tues 26; Weston, Fri 29

Major Hiscock (R.): Parliament Street, Mon Sun Jan 24

Major Owen: Kentville, Fri Jan 22; Yarmouth, Sat Sun 24; Digby, Mon 25; Bridgetown, Tues 26; Windsor, Wed 27

Major Parsons (R.): Napanee, Sat Jan 16 to Mon 25; Woodbine, Sat Feb 6 to Mon 15; East Toronto, Feb 20 to Mon 29

Staff-Captain Mundy: Fairbank, Sun Jan 31

Staff-Captain Wilson: Cobalt, Fri Jan 22; Halleybury, Sat 23; New Liskeard, Sun 24; Kirkland Lake, Mon 25; Timmins, Tues 26; Cochrane, Wed 27; North Bay, Sun 31

TORONTO WEST DIVISION
UNITED HOLINESS MEETINGS
On Fridays, January 22nd and 29th
At Long Branch, Fairbank, Weston
Rally at these Centres for times of refreshing

"WITH GOD ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE"

THE COMMISSIONER, Supported by Mrs. Hay, the Chief Secretary, and Other Leading Officers, Conducts in Dovercourt Citadel

A HALF-NIGHT OF PRAYER

Warns Against Unbelief, and Pleads for a Firm Faith in God's Omnipotent Power

THE first of several Half-Nights of Prayer which the Commissioner has arranged to lead during the coming weeks was held at Dovercourt on Wednesday last. Comrades from surrounding Corps augmented the local forces.

At the Commissioner's side was Mrs. Hay and the Chief Secretary, and on the platform also were Colonel McAmmond, Lieut.-Colonel Saunders, Lieut.-Colonel Bladin, Colonel Adby (R) and the Divisional Commander and Mrs. Major Ham.

The half-night was spent in periods of fervent prayer, when earnest petitions ascended to the Throne, alternating with singing and helpful instruction in prayer, passed on by the Commissioner and other speakers.

The Commissioner helped to direct the thoughts of the assembly upon particular objects for which prayer is needed, and speaking of the lack of faith in the efficacy of prayer which is often seen, urged his hearers to guard against such unbelief and lay hold of God's promises in this matter, believing that the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. With God all things are possible, and the seemingly impossible can become a glorious actuality—the weak can be made strong, the blind can be made to see, the careless can be aroused, the apparently hopeless can be won for the Master, the vacillating can be made steadfast, the weak-kneed can be made into spiritual giants.

Between the prayer seasons other speakers offered helpful counsel, Mrs. Hay emphasizing the need of going after the backslider, the Chief Secretary uttering a warning against the spirit of worldliness which is such a

hindrance to the prayer-life, and Colonel Adby, Lieut.-Colonel Bladin and the Training Principal each giving instructive messages.

The singing was of potent influence during the evening and helped to voice the spiritual desires and longings of the assembly.

The night was one of comings and goings between the hearts of earnest men and women and Heaven's boundless resources, and served to strengthen faith in prayer and to give God's people much-valued counsel on this all-important source of spiritual growth and strength.

The Dovercourt Band and Songsters were present in force and lent valuable assistance to the singing throughout.

UNITED HOLINESS MEETING**In East Toronto Division**

The East Toronto Divisional Holiness meeting on Friday was conducted in the Danforth Citadel by Colonel Morehen (R), supported by Brigadier and Mrs. Ritchie, members of the Divisional Staff, and the East Toronto Band and Songsters.

Deep spiritual desire as expressed in the opening song: "Let me love Thee, Saviour," was manifested in the heartfelt prayers of Mrs. Major Kendall (R) and Adjutant McBain. Definite holiness testimonies and a responsive Bible reading enriched the service. During his address, the Colonel warned all to beware of the lions and adders lurking in the Christian's way.—A. P. Simester, Lieut.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY**Conducts United Holiness Meeting at Earls Court**

THE united Holiness meeting for the Toronto West Division, conducted on Friday last by the Chief Secretary, in the Earls Court Citadel, was a season of very definite spiritual advance. The Colonel was supported by the Divisional Staff and Field Officers.

Something different was initiated by the Chief Secretary when he called upon various comrades in the meeting to tell, in a few short sentences, just what Holiness had done for them. These experiences were productive of great blessing.

The Colonel delivered a most helpful address, which found ready lodging in the hearts of scores in that well-attended gathering.

The Holy Spirit's presence was manifested in power in the prayer-meeting, and two sought the blessing of Holiness at the Mercy-seat.

The Earls Court Band and Songsters gave splendid support throughout, with music and song.

FAITH REWARDED**The Field Secretary at Niagara Falls II**

The visit of the Field Secretary to Niagara Falls II on Sunday morning was the means of great blessing, and will long be remembered.

From the beginning of the stirring Open-air meeting, which was led by Staff-Captain Hurd, till the Doxology was sung at the close of the Holiness meeting, the presence of God was felt in a very special way.

The Colonel's message gripped the hearts of all and as we entered into the prayer-meeting there was much waiting upon God and our faith was soon rewarded as two backsliders came weeping to the Altar. They were soon followed by a comrade who came to re-consecrate his life.

At night the Corps Cadets were in charge of the service. Two raised their hands for prayer and one laid came forward.

One Soldier has just been enrolled and in our Soldiers' meeting last week two came forward to re-consecrate their lives for greater service.

TERRITORIAL PARS

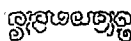
A happy and profitable social gathering was held on Monday last at "Woodside Lodge," Toronto, for retired Officers who have had association with the Migration Department, among the number being Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs (R), Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Southall (R), Major and Mrs. Walker (R), and Mrs. Staff-Captain Weeks (R). Colonel Tudge, International Inspector and Major Dray, Resident Secretary, and others, addressed the gathering during the evening.

Major Wm. Adams, who was transferred from the Canada East Training Garrison several years ago, to take charge of the Garrison of the West Indies (East) Territory is now visiting in Toronto.

Lieutenant Lillian MacFarlane of the Canada West Territory would like to exchange "War Crys" with a comrade of our Territory. Those desirous of such an exchange kindly get in touch with The Editor, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.

Whilst in London for the Divisional Young People's day, Major Spooner and Staff-Captain Mundy visited Bandsman Victor Swainson, of Chatham, Ont. Our sick comrade was greatly cheered by this kindly gesture.

Major Ritchie, of Toronto, was taken suddenly ill on Wednesday last, and was rushed to the Western Hospital where an operation was performed. We are happy to report that the Major is now making favorable progress.

PRAYER! PRAYER!!**MID-DAY PRAYER MEETINGS**

will be held in

MASSEY HALL (Lower)

on

MONDAYS, FEBRUARY 1, 8, 15, 22, 29

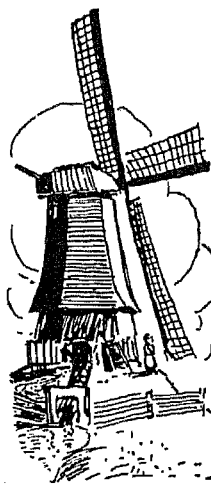
from 12.30 to 1.30 p.m.

COMMISSIONER HAY WILL LEAD

**EVERYBODY
IS
INVITED
TO
ATTEND**

**COME, IF
ONLY FOR
A FEW
MINUTES
AT A TIME**





LEAGUE OF GOODWILL

Spreads to the Land of Dykes and Windmills

THE ARMY'S new enterprise, the League of Goodwill, in Holland (Bond van Barmhartigheid), has met with encouraging success. In Amsterdam, where a school with six large rooms was gratuitously placed at The Army's disposal by the municipal authorities, so much was received that the building was practically full in one day. Thousands of garments and footwear were sent in a few days, and not only in Amsterdam, but also in other places the interest manifested is extraordinary.

Blankets for Baby

A municipal midwife wrote: "A baby has been born in a certain family, and there is great need of everything. Can you send them a coat and some blankets?" The answer was: "Of course. We have these things in our Goodwill storehouse."

Yesterday relief was given to three families where babies were born and where there was absolutely nothing wherewith to receive the new arrivals.

In Amsterdam The Army is working almost day and night, and the Officers have no time to rest. Private cars and lorries are continually on the go. People are stopping Officers on the streets, and will not hear of our temporarily suspending our operations owing to lack of space. We are asking the authorities for further buildings.

In Ymuiden, Brigadier Palstra (R) and the Corps Secretary were responsible for arrangements. The matter was discussed at a special Soldiers' meeting, and it was decided to spend two days in collecting clothing. On the first day a lorry was filled with all kinds of garments. The need for tables on which to sort the goods was great, and now the authorities are busy supplying this need.

Willing Helpers

Some one 'phoned to ask whether two days' use of the lorry would be sufficient for our needs, and when a reply was given in the negative the message came: "Regard the motor and chauffeur as your property as long as you need them for this work." God is wonderfully blessing our efforts. Each telephone conversation finishes thus: "If I can help you, let me know."

The Officer at The Hague writes: "Our arms were filled as we carried

the goods to the wagon. We received sometimes enough from one street to fill it. Gentlemen came to their doors with splendid costumes and nice, warm overcoats. Ladies gave their mantles, which were in splendid condition, their blouses, underwear, and shoes—as much as we could take away. Cots and perambulators, as good as new, were given. One lady, who had purchased a new stove, gave us three oil-stoves and also a tiled-stove, which she only purchased new last autumn, complete with pipe and plate. Here a bedstead; there a gas-oven. From the other side blankets and a feather bed, and at the same time another comes almost overlaid to the lorry with a host of overcoats. I have never played an instrument, but during the last few days I have become an expert megaphonist!"

The Trade Department also supplied a lorry, and under the leadership of the Trade Secretary, operated in one district of Amsterdam. Before commencing work a prayer-meeting was held on a street corner, and this made a deep impression. Thereupon bugles were blown and drums were played, and soon every dweller in that part of the city knew that The Army Motor was coming. People gave most gladly, and soon the lorry was filled with all kinds of garments and footwear. Nearly all boots and shoes had been cleaned beforehand; the clothing had been well brushed, and the underwear nicely washed and neatly folded. Many people had made parcels. From this part alone, the lorry was filled five times.

Child in Sack

In a village bordering upon Amsterdam a family was discovered where help was urgently needed. For the only child there was no bed, so that it had to sleep upon the floor. At night-time they were troubled with rats and thus the child was in danger. Therefore the parents first bound it in a sack and then hung it up from the ceiling! The necessary articles were supplied by the League.

MARCHED FORWARD

Tribute by General Smuts

In connection with the annual General and Social Appeal in South Africa, the Territorial "War Cry" prints the following heartening message from General Smuts:

"The Salvation Army has marched forward in its great work and has built up a notable record of service in South Africa. The devotion of its Officers, from the highest to the humblest, has been a renewed proof of the vitality of the Christian message. Its Social Work among all classes of our people, and especially among those needing it most, has been outstanding."

WINNER OF LOVE:

LALEETHA, one of the number of girls at The Army's School at Nellore, India, shows no brilliance in the classroom (states a writer in a recent issue of the Indian "War Cry"), but she is undoubtedly the best-loved person in the School, a position won by her unfailing thoughtfulness and unselfishness. The Officers are continually tracing little deeds of kindness to her, for no one tells her to do these things. If a new little girl comes to the School Laleetha will immediately take charge of her and do for her all the little things that wee girls find difficult, such as combing their hair and washing their clothes. If another girl is sick, even though it be but a sore finger, she will quietly take that other girl's brush and do her sweeping. If it be a girl who is on duty in the kitchen she will say: "Never mind, I will go and do your work for you." Needless to say, a change

Little Girl at Army School in India Finds Beauty in Service

would immediately be arranged if the girl reported sick, but to Laleetha's devoted heart it only occurs to take on the work herself. If she sees a small girl trying to carry a big bucket, no feet are swifter than Laleetha's as she runs to carry it for the little one. If a girl is sick Laleetha will sit for any length of time by her side attending to her wants or simply holding her hand. This girl has indeed found a beauty in service.

Mrs. Commissioner Rich, of Sweden, who has been far from well for some weeks, is now making a good recovery, though it will take some time. The doctor is full of hope that she will recover the sight of the eye which has been badly affected.

In a sewing competition organized by one of the leading firms in Bombay, The Army's Satara Girls' School won prizes for all the articles sent in.

The Hungry Hungarian

Finds Army Hall a Stepping-Stone to Better Things

WHILE visiting recently The Army's Men's Hostel in Geneva, Major Sidney Treite met an Hungarian serving in the kitchen of the Institution who, although only thirty years of age, had encountered continual disturbances and contrary influences in his life.

In a small town near Budapest (says the Major) he was getting on well in the banking profession, when he allowed himself to be carried away by the wave of gambling and speculation which, after the war, swept all Europe. One day, the last of his respectable fortune having disappeared, he found himself on the street without means, and in dazed condition turned his back on his homeland. After much tramping, his knowledge of languages secured him a position as hotel porter in Italy, and when he

had saved a little he returned to Budapest to enter upon another job, but only to find that the agent to whom he had paid a deposit had proved himself a swindler, and that there were thirty-five fellow victims.

In desperation he was walking the streets of Budapest, when he heard an Army Open-air meeting. He followed the little march to the Hall and knelt at the Penitent-form.

From an economic point of view he has not yet got very far, although his stay in our Hostel means a stepping-stone to better things. But when, at the close of our conversation, I looked into his eyes again and asked him if he were happy and satisfied, he need hardly have answered in the affirmative; his look sufficed to assure me that he had met God and had found in Him a sure refuge.

KOREAN HIKERS

Diamond Mountain Inn-Keeper's Donation for Boys' Work

"I'm happy when I'm hiking," runs the now famous anthem of those who "clear limbed and vigorous make the countryside ring with their steady tramp, tramp, tramp," and it proved to be doubly so in the case of Ensign Widdowson, Manager of the Boys' Industrial Home in Seoul (Korea) for as he and a number of young Officers were hiking through the Kongo San (Diamond Mountains of Korea), a stronghold of Buddhism, a Korean inn-keeper asked him to accept a donation of ten yen (twenty shillings sterling) for the work amongst the boys of Korea. The Army (adds our correspondent) was evidently known and its work appreciated even in this mountain fastness.

Brigadier Tyndall, of Winnipeg, well-known in Canada East, has been admitted to the Long Service Order.

SLUM BOY'S GRATITUDE

Army Officer's Scissors "Ground for Nothing"

TWO little London slum dwellers—one six and the other seven—were fighting for the possession of a rope, when an Army Officer passing by, spoke to them. At once she noticed that one of the boys was wearing shoes which were in a disgraceful condition. Through a gaping hole in the leather she saw a dirty bit of rag, which, upon inquiry, turned out to be a "bandage" for a cut foot. The boy was taken to the Officers' Quarters, the foot bound up properly, and a better pair of shoes found.

"My dad's a tinker," said the boy as he was about to leave, "and he'll grind your scissors for nothing." The Officer bade the boy good-bye.

"Well, miss," he replied, "if I hadn't been fighting I wouldn't have got the shoes!" Two days later The Army Officer's scissors were sent for, and they were returned soon afterward, ground "for nothing."



How they do it in Germany. A Berlin youngster dropping her pfennigs into The Army's basket at one of the kiosks, which stand at strategic points in the city

A PAGE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

OUR HOMEMAKERS

HOME LEAGUE MEETINGS
TORONTO EAST DIVISION

Bedford Park—Mrs. Staff-Captain Porter, Thurs., Jan. 21st, 2.30 p.m.
 Danforth—Mrs. Staff-Captain Keith, Thurs., Jan. 21st, 2.30 p.m.
 Greenwood—Mrs. Adjutant McBain, Thurs., Jan. 28th, 8.00 p.m.
 Riverdale—Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Saunders, Tues., Jan. 19th, 2.30 p.m.
 Rhodes Avenue—Mrs. Staff-Captain Mundy, Tues., Jan. 19th, 2.30 p.m.
 Todmorden—Major O'Neill (R.), Thurs., Jan. 21st, 2.30 p.m.
 Yorkville—Mrs. Major Parsons (R.), Thurs., Jan. 21st, 8.00 p.m.

TORONTO WEST DIVISION

Lisgar Street—Mrs. Brigadier Hawkins, Thurs., Jan. 21st, 2.30 p.m.
 Long Branch—Mrs. Ensign Keith, Wed., Jan. 20th, 2.30 p.m.
 Rowntree—Mrs. Major Ham, Wed., Jan. 20th, 2.30 p.m.
 Toronto 1—Mrs. Major Ham, Thurs., Jan. 28th, 8.00 p.m.
 West Toronto—Mrs. Major Ham, Mon., Jan. 18th, 2.30 p.m.
 Wychwood—Mrs. Major Ham, Wed., Jan. 27th, 2.30 p.m.
 Weston—Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Whatley, Thurs., Jan. 21st, 8.00 p.m.

A ROYAL MEMORY

When Her Majesty Queen Mary was passing from one part of London's newest and largest Hostel for women, which she was about to declare open, to another, she met a party of children from 'The Army's Home for Little Girls—'The Nest'—and, taking the faces of one or two of them in her hand, gave them smiles which will doubtless long be remembered, and also remarked on their rosy cheeks.

To Wash Shantung

Shantung of natural shade or white will keep its color and be more easily laundered if a few drops of vinegar are added to the water in which it is washed.

THE CHILD'S FIRST SCHOOL IS THE FAMILY

Parents Ought to Sympathize With the Dull Child

THE so-called dull child may not be dull at all, but simply misunderstood, as later life often brings out. The dullness may be Nature's protection, giving the individual a quiet, uneventful childhood in order to let his powers come to maturity and full flowering later on. But often the slow boy or girl has a hard time of it in school and at home for lack of sympathy. Most of the sympathy in such cases teachers and fathers and mothers lavish on themselves instead of on the poor child.

"I was so ashamed when Mrs. D. was here boasting about her Johnny's grades," the mother says with tears, trying to "encourage" her slow son to make greater progress in school. "It drives me frantic to work with slow pupils," says the ambitious young teacher to her friends. "They simply will not grasp the simplest facts."

And all the time the pity should be lavished, but not publicly, on the slow pupils. Never for a moment think that the slow pupil is stupid enough to miss seeing favoritism and unfair treatment, and in many homes and schools the slow pupils are slighted to show off the glib-tongued youngsters.

A little second grade boy came home from school in the seventh heaven of delight because he had been chosen to carry some books in a little wagon to another building where they were needed. It was the rule to reserve such privileges for the bright pupils, but a substitute teacher had accidentally selected the little slow pupil and had given him something to remember for weeks. For once he was treated as the bright pupils were.

If all parents and teachers would only enter into the feelings of the unhappy backward children, and invent ways to put them forward and reward them and encourage them, how much happiness they would make! It is the bright child who is trusted to do the errands, "Because Molly would lose the money and forget what she went after," the mother explains in Molly's presence. Wicked comment! Yes, positively wicked! It makes bright little Betty important and up-pish and poor little Molly more timid and unhappy.

And do try, Parent, to refrain from saying: "Johnny could learn if he would only try." Johnny may later find what his particular ability is and surpass his brothers and sisters.

Instead of prodding the slow child forward, prod yourself into the right frame of mind. Take yourself in hand, and say daily: "I will have more patience, I will encourage and help this poor, little, bewildered mortal. I will believe that kindness and sympathy and love will do more than scolding or tears. I will put as much effort on this child and dress him as well, and speak of him as proudly as if he were a very bright child. I will protect him and fill his life with sunshine."

And when you begin to work with yourself it is easy to see progress in your child. And some day this backward plant may slowly unfold its blossoms and perfume—and you will have a satisfying reward.

Of course, I am not holding a brief for the lazy child, the one who will not study or apply his mind to his lessons. That is a different matter. Such a child requires different handling entirely.



SHE COULD USE IT

Pedlar (opening his pack): "I have here, madam, an improved rat-trap, which—"

Mistress of the House: "We are never troubled with rats."

"Which can also be used for cracking nuts—"

"We never use nuts of any kind."

"Or as a coffee-roaster. Adjusted in this manner in—"

"We always buy our coffee roasted."

"Just so. Reversing the wires that form the upper portion and bringing down the side flap thus, we have a device for holding eggs when cooking—"

"We never eat eggs."

"And by folding these wire loops, as you see me doing now, it makes a handy arrangement for holding a mirror—"

"Haven't the slightest use for such a thing."

"While adjusting another small mirror in this position and another at this angle, as you will notice, and placing it in a kitchen window for example, it has the curious effect of enabling the observer, seated at one side of the window and entirely out of sight, to see distinctly through any window that may be opposite, and to note what is going on inside; and all I ask for this most useful and comprehensive invention is one dollar, which is only about one-half—"

"I'll take it."

Economical and Nourishing Meals for the Winter

Our Cookery Expert Gives Recipes for Egg Surprises

THE colder the day the more fuel we need, not only for the furnace in the cellar, but for that internal body furnace which enables us to enjoy cold weather rather than merely to endure it.

The winter diet should always be heavier than the summer diet, although it must be just as well-balanced if perfect health is to be assured. This is the time of year, therefore, when everything favors trying out new hot dishes and also new cold dishes that contain such foods as meat, fish, and eggs.

Many of us are so accustomed to regarding the egg about as we regard sugar, flour, and coffee, that we have failed to appreciate the many wonderful and unusual dishes that may be prepared with eggs as one of the principal ingredients. We know all about boiled eggs, fried eggs, scrambled eggs, poached eggs, and the eggs we use in our cakes and puddings, but we owe it to ourselves and to our families to know also how eggs may be prepared in new and attractive ways that will please the members of our family as well as guests who drop in for a meal.

Eggs not only contain a certain amount of protein and fat, they furnish calcium, phosphorus, iron, and several of the vitamins to those who enjoy them. Furthermore, an egg of average size will furnish

a salad bowl the shredded leaves of a heart of lettuce and a few stalks of celery heart, with chopped whites of six hard-cooked eggs. Put yolks through a sieve and combine with six or eight anchovies or sardines made into a paste. Toss together and serve with French dressing.

For a third and last surprise try baking eggs in nests some day. To three cups of left-over mashed potatoes well seasoned with milk, add one-half cup finely chopped parsley, three tablespoons butter, salt and pepper. Cover the bottom of a well-buttered baking dish and arrange little nests into which gently break an egg. Add buttered bread crumbs over the top, and bake in a moderate oven until the eggs are cooked but not hard.

Damp Rooms

Where this is any suspicion of damp in rooms seldom used, place a block of camphor in each corner. In a week's time all the dampness will have disappeared, also the camphor.

Take your friend along to the Home League meetings.

SISTERS! Do You Want to Know of Some Useful Service?



During the Winter Campaign a special effort is being made to secure more workers for the Young People's Corps

nish the body with about 75 calories.

Try some of these unusual egg dishes and see how regularly you will want to use them in future. First try a stuffed egg salad which is easily and simply made. Cut six hard-cooked eggs into halves and take out yolks. Put through sieve and mix with half cup mayonnaise, one-quarter paprika, a small piece of onion finely chopped and one tablespoon tomato ketchup or chili sauce. Fill the halved whites, chill and serve on lettuce or cress.

Another delicious salad may be made by mixing in

Do You Eat for Efficiency?

The Benefit of Sane Dieting

EAT the proper foods slowly and you will avoid many ills that mankind is heir to, for the man who said that more people died from over-eating than from starvation was right.

This does not mean that you must be a faddist and immediately drop meat, fish, eggs and bread from your diet. These are acid-producing foods, but they are healthful foods and should be continued. Reduce the portions, however, and substi-

tute large quantities of green vegetables, milk and fresh fruit—practically all of which will be found listed among the "alkalines." Even oranges and lemons, so often thought of as acid, are decidedly alkaline in their ultimate reaction, and are now given freely as preventives or cures for acidosis.

Eat your breakfast orange, drink lemonade, eat plenty of salads and fruit cups, drink milk, and do not over-eat.

Clean Floor Coverings:

Germes Hate Soap and Water

Linoleum, cork carpet, and inlaid lino's are now made in such charming colors and designs that the modern house floor may be a thing of beauty. Linoleum or cork carpet is, without doubt, the cleanest floor covering it is possible to devise, and ideal for bedrooms. Some people object to it because "it looks cold," though that coldness of the linoleum is more a matter of fancy than fact. It is, however, cold to bare feet, and a good plan is to spread washable rugs at bedside and dressing table. These may now be had in bright, unfadable colors, and are very cheerful and economical. A warm shade of cork carpet looks warm and does not strike cold to the feet, and is, more-

over, easy to keep clean by wiping over with a soft cloth wrung out in soapy water. Germes hate soap and water!

In any case where carpet is preferred, it should not extend under the bed where it is difficult to sweep properly. An economical way is to buy carpet by the yard, and fasten it down with brass-headed tacks in three strips at sides and foot. The floor under the bed can then easily be kept clean and the entire carpet can be taken up in a few minutes without moving the bed. The boards can be scrubbed with soap and water and stained with water stain (not varnish stain) and afterwards polished with wax polish, which will deepen and improve as the room is done day by day.



COMMISSIONER JAMES HAY,

Territorial Commander,

James and Albert Sts., Toronto, Ont.
Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada East and Newfoundland, by The Salvation Army Printing House, 18 Albert Street, Toronto 2, Canada.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The War Cry (including the Special Easter and Christmas Issues) will be mailed to any address in Canada for twelve months for the sum of \$2.50, prepaid.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

APPOINTMENTS—

Major Harry Osbourn, to Men's Social Work, Burwash Industrial Prison.
Staff-Captain Peter Forbes, to Windsor Subscribers, District Officer.
Commandant Wm. Spearing, to Men's Social Work, Montreal Industrial.
Commandant Wm. Richardson, to London Subscribers, District Officer.
Commandant and Mrs. F. Major, to Owen Sound.
Adjutant Thos. Pollock, to Halifax Subscribers, District Officer.
Adjutant Foster, to Men's Social Work, Ottawa Metropole.
Adjutant and Mrs. F. Barker, to Kingston.
Ensign George Hartas, to Men's Social Work, Toronto Men's Hostel.
Ensign and Mrs. A. MacMillan, to Brock Avenue.
Captain Arthur Cameron, to Montreal Subscribers Department.
Captain Leonard Bursey, to Toronto Subscribers Department.
Captain Howard Plisher, to Men's Social Work, Toronto Prison Department.
Captain Dorothy Smith, to Bowmanville.
Captain Thomas Ellwood, to Parry Sound.
Captain Doris M. Smith, to Whitby.
Captain Neta Peters, to Goderich (Assistant).
Lieutenant Percy Ward, to Port Colborne.
Lieutenant Wm. Houslander, to Parry Sound.
Lieutenant Frank Hargreaves, to Prescott.
Pro-Lieutenant Renee Tilley, to Bowmanville.

JAMES HAY,
Territorial Commander.

THE GENERAL AND MRS. HIGGINS

TO VISIT AUSTRALASIA

WE ARE able to announce this week that the General and Mrs. Higgins will be leaving London shortly to visit Australia and New Zealand and, en route, to conduct meetings in Canada, the United States, and the Hawaiian Islands.

According to present arrangements, the General and Mrs. Higgins will be leaving Southampton on Wednesday, February 3rd. Officers' meetings will be held in Toronto, and public meetings and an Officers' Council and Angeles the General will go to Honolulu, where he will conduct public meetings and an Officers' Council and visit Social Institutions for men and women.

The General is due to arrive at Auckland, New Zealand, on Monday, March 21st. After a strenuous program of meetings and other engagements there, he will leave on April 18th for Sydney (Eastern Australia). The campaign in the Southern Territory begins in Melbourne on May 12th and includes a visit to Tasmania. Leaving Fremantle on June 6th, the General and Mrs. Higgins will return via Suez. They are due to reach London once more on July 2nd. Calling at Colombo (Ceylon), the General will in all probability have an opportunity of meeting the Officers in that city.

The Territorial Commanders with the Officers and Soldiers of the Territories concerned are looking forward with keen anticipation to the General's Campaigns and are already immersed in preparations.

The General and Mrs. Higgins will be accompanied by Colonel Pugmire (A.D.C.) and Major Frank Taylor (Private Secretary).

PUSH THE WINTER CAMPAIGN

THE ARMY'S FORWARD-LOOKERS

Two Hundred and Fifty Youthful Salvationists of London Division Gather in Council with **COMMISSIONER and MRS. HAY**

CLOSE on 250 youthful Salvationists and Young People's workers gathered in Council with the Commissioner and Mrs. Hay in London, on Sunday last. Three sessions were held in the magnificent London Life auditorium, graciously placed at The Army's disposal for the day.

A Young People's event such as this is distinctive amongst Army gatherings; it carries an atmosphere and creates an optimism peculiarly its own. Futurity draws nearer than on ordinary occasions, for young folk are invariably the forward-lookers; and we imagine that, in the lives of the thoughtful at any rate—every such day has its quota of thinkers!—more miracles are wrought than on-lookers dream of.

The Commissioner's messages in each session provided his attentive auditors with much food for thought. Considering time restrictions, he touched on an amazing variety of interests.

Religion and Body

Transported by the magic of vivid description to temples afar, and then suddenly brought down to earth by the reminder that the human body is sacred as the abode of the living God, the too-often neglected relationship between religion and body was interestingly and effectively presented in the first session.

At the Commissioner's request, Lieut.-Commissioner Hoe (R), who with Mrs. Hoe, was present throughout the day, brought a few temple cameos from his experiences in India. By analogy and exhortation he emphasized the importance of our Leader's message.

An entirely different angle was touched by the Commissioner at the close of the afternoon period—the negatives and positives of religion. "The duty we omit to do," he declared, "may be as bad as sins we used to commit." Nine stood to their feet when a call for Candidates for Officership was made.

Yet another facet of divine truth was displayed at night. Challengeful questions were asked, all centering around the claims of Christ. Warning was issued by Mrs. Hay, who directed

attention to dangers of neglecting God's voice.

When Colonel Adby (R), who seems to have found the long-sought elixir—opened the prayer-meeting, one could readily sense the Spirit of God brooding over that group of young folk. The Commissioner and Mrs. Hay and a number of Officers engaged at close grips with the enemy. There were epic struggles in those final moments, but victory was assured when thirty-five Young People came into more intimate relationship with God. Victory cannot be fully measured by numerical results, however! We thoroughly agreed with Major Best who declared at one juncture: "There are young folk here who will think about this day long after the lights are out!"

Six essays, which reflected very creditably on the general ability of London Division Corps Cadets, were read in the afternoon session. The following Corps Cadets read papers: Alice Coulter, Stratford—"The value of testimony"; Orion Gare, Strathroy—"Lessons I have learned from the life of Joseph"; Lucy Judge, London I—"My Uniform"; Leonard Knight, Stratford—"How Young People become soul-winners"; Alex. Turnbull, of Tillsonburg, who also wrote on the preceding subject; Vincent Brown, London II—"The spirit of worldliness."

Fine Support

In addition to those already mentioned, the Commissioner was ably assisted on Sunday by the Territorial Young People's Secretary, Major Spooner, who gave a telling address in the afternoon, Major and Mrs. Best, Divisional Leaders, and Staff-Captain Mundy, whose singing added much to the day's value. Colonel Adby's well-known ability as a leader of congregational singing was amply demonstrated throughout the day. Worthy of mention, too, was the fine support given by a dozen or so young Bandsmen from the London City Corps.

KEEPERS OF THE HOME

MRS. COMMISSIONER HAY Meets the Bandsmen's Wives of West Toronto Division

AT EVERY Bandsmen's Council, we as wives are always lauded for our many sacrifices, and some speaker always makes the suggestion that there should be a Bandsmen's wives' gathering—at least this is what our husbands tell us.

At last such a gathering was arranged in the Toronto West Division, Mrs. Major Ham being the organizer, and Brock Avenue Hall, on Monday last, was the scene of this unique and happy event.

All were delighted that Mrs. Commissioner Hay, who had just returned from an exacting week-end in London, was able to be present to address the gathering, and to have present also to address them Mrs. Colonel Dalziel and Mrs. Staff-Captain Coles.

Mrs. Ham had arranged a most helpful and interesting meeting, the theme of which seemed to be "Bandsmen's Wives, Keepers of the Home."

Mrs. Adjutant Green, happy in the thought of being an erstwhile Bandsman's wife, opened the proceedings, following which Mrs. Ham told of her long-cherished desire for such a gathering, and in introducing Mrs. Commissioner Hay, said how gladly the wife of our Territorial Com-

mander had fallen in with the idea.

Those who have listened to Mrs. Hay in public gatherings know the warmth of her character, and it will not be hard for such to realize how much she would be at home at this assembly. We did not get a lecture—oh, no—just a heart-to-heart chat; but what a blessing and cheer we got! Family devotion was probably the strong point of Mrs. Hay's talk.

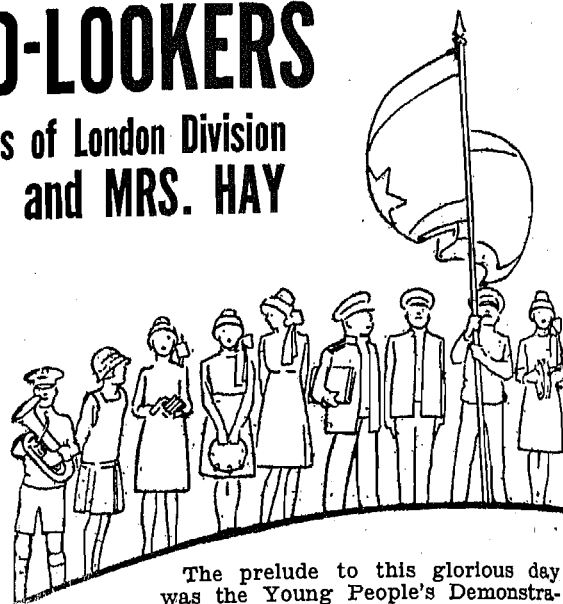
Mrs. Colonel Dalziel spoke of the joys she had experienced as a Mrs. Bandmaster, and left a helpful message with the women.

Mrs. Staff-Captain B. Coles read the Scriptures, and her practical message was much appreciated. Mrs. Coles has sacrificed much in the interests of Army Bands.

Sister Mrs. Reed, of West Toronto, and Sister Mrs. J. Macfarlane, of Earls Court, soloed, the latter comrade also very ably presiding at the piano during the evening.

A social half-hour over the coffee cups, provided by the Brock Avenue Home Leaguers, concluded this happy evening.

Our thanks to all who made this service possible, and may others follow.—A Bandsman's Wife.



The prelude to this glorious day was the Young People's Demonstration, presented on Saturday evening in the spacious Central Collegiate Auditorium. It was an altogether delightful presentation, worthy of more reference than restricted space will permit us to give.

Following a stirring song, and prayer by Mrs. Hay, the Commissioner was introduced by Major Best. Our Leaders were given a hearty welcome by the large audience. The Commissioner presided over the program, and at the conclusion complimented all who had taken part.

Life-Savers and Sunbeams of London City Corps deserve a "pat on the back" for their excellent performances; the boys of the Ronald Gray Home provided some wholesome diversion with their "donkey-shines." Captain Eva Robinson and Corps Cadet D. Wagner presented individual items, and Bandsmen Gordon Dix and Ross Ash charmed all with their cornet duet.

Two Young People's Bands took part, London II and St. Thomas. It was the first appearance of the latter aggregation at a big event outside their home city. The boys looked really natty with the bright Army sweaters, and equally bright instruments.

A word of grateful thanks is due the numerous behind-the-scenes workers whose labors contributed so largely to the efficiency of organization which was noticeable throughout the week-end.

IN FAIRBANK'S NEW HALL

THE CHIEF SECRETARY Leads Glorious Day's Effort

SUNDAY at Fairbank was a glorious day, under the leadership of the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Colonel Dalziel. The meetings were well attended, and, new Hall notwithstanding, every available inch was utilized to accommodate the evening crowd.

The Chief Secretary's stirring and convincing Bible messages throughout the day were like shafts of truth, directed by the Holy Spirit into hearts and consciences.

In the evening gathering Mrs. Dalziel's words were taken to heart by everyone. Before this memorable service closed, three had accepted Christ as their sovereign Lord, and another woman was so powerfully under conviction that she gave her heart to God as soon as she got home.

Truly it was a day of high inspiration, one the comrades of this growing Corps will not soon forget!

On Monday night a young man surrendered to the claims of God. Last week's converts are taking a brave and active stand. Glory to God!

COME AND PRAY

HALF-NIGHTS OF PRAYER

will be conducted by

COMMISSIONER HAY

as follows:

Riverdale—Wednesday, Jan. 20

Hamilton I Citadel—

Wednesday, Jan. 27

THE GREAT CAMPAIGN

By THE COMMISSIONER

THE MINISTRY OF A BROKEN HEART

"The Salvation Army will only be a blessing as it carries God to the hearts of men." The Army Founder

WE ALREADY know that there have been great manifestations of loving interest, delightful expressions of new and varied service, and glowing and almost enthusiastic sympathies kindled on behalf of this great Campaign.

I do not know that I have heard as much, or seen as much of the evidence of prayer and definite seeking after God in the Territory, as I have seen during recent weeks. We have, too, a great visitation in quite a number of our Corps, where the record of those kneeling at the Mercy-seat is far in excess of the usual. I have even heard of, and actually seen, a small Corps with a finer manifestation of the fruit of spiritual awakening greatly exceeding the work of some years.

Stories are reaching us of the immense profit that comes to Officers through visitation, until one is almost convinced that if twenty thousand more homes were visited, and distressed and discouraged souls were prayed with, and wanderers and backsliders were lovingly entreated, we should have a result almost amazing in character, in bulk, and in witness of the fruitful blessing of God and the outpouring strength and power of the Holy Ghost.

I have been, however, greatly impressed that the ministry of the broken and compassionate heart holds for hundreds of Salvation Army workers the key to an experience in soul-saving which would be rather novel in some of our towns. We need an access of warmth on behalf of needy souls, passion for the godless and worldly, tenderness in regard to those who have slipped away from the paths of rectitude and Salvation, and kindness toward the young who have taken offence and who are not now found, as their parents expected they would be found, delighting in Army meetings and greatly attracted to the work of God. The Lord is not only nigh to those who are of a broken heart in personal seeking, but just the same, in our seeking on behalf of others.

The Hammer of the Lord

Who can say what the issue will be when, with such care for souls, all our workers daily move to the delightful task? It is true many have been unruly, and the Scripture says they shall be warned. Many are asleep, and God's Word shows they must be awakened. Many are hardened, and the hammer of the Lord is needed to break them. Many are worldly, and they need to be disillusioned, as even by the shock of eternal light. But, even so, are there not lessons for us in the past, that the ministry of an anxious heart—the service of a broken and tender spirit—holds mysterious victories for us? "The nobler a soul the more objects of compassion it hath." And there is no greater object of compassion than the eternal soul of man.

MOSES felt this when his awful regard for Israel exceeded the value of his own soul, and character, and life, and future. Israel must survive, they must be recovered, even from sin of rebellion; must be got

over, but if not, "Blot me out." What a strange and awful passion that was!

DAVID—Again and again in his distress on behalf of his people, his eyes are filled with tears; his heart is broken; his meat, his drink, is the sorrow he feels for God's anointed, and by night and by day, in kingly condition, and even in the sad and neglected moments of his life, he is again and again marked by his sorrow for the godless neglect of the people.

JEREMIAH—How he felt about the waywardness of the people! How his eyes were as a fountain of tears, until history has passed him down to us as the "Prophet of weeping!"

EZEKIEL—What an anxiety is indicated in his vision, and how he portrays those who sorrow and sigh for the sins of the people!

PAUL, we know, had a passion, a longing, and a spiritual sorrow to which some, nowadays, although they name the Name of Christ, seem to be perfect strangers. Sorrow fills his heart, and almost at any cost he sacrifices himself to recover the lapsed, the deceived, the wayward, and the worldly.

Man's Eternal Good

Not only in the days of the Old Dispensation, and in the immediate days of the new, but right through the history of the people of God, the ministry of the broken heart, and of the service to which there was no end, and to the prayers and longings which appeared to be ceaseless, there seemed seldom to be great concern for God's glory and man's eternal good without the outer manifestation of sorrow.

Luther felt it and manifested it again and again in the dark nights preceding the Reformation. Bunyan felt it and manifested it. George Fox, in his travels up and down England, and in his singular spiritual appeal, felt it. Wesley felt and preached it. Aitken, the Revivalist, in his wondrous and passionate utterances for the souls of the people, tenderly preached eternal loss and the damnation of souls. Who can forget that passionate utterance in his sermon: "Oh, my lambies, how will you stand eternal burning?" He was broken in heart, and almost fearsome in his deep compassions. And, too, what a great deep heart of sympathy with God and man was that of our Founder! Those who were with him in campaigns knew that.

And have not Salvation Army Officers had a wonderful history in this way? Have I not travelled with, slept with, worked with, Officers of various ranks and conditions, of almost all temperaments, who, in great spiritual exercise for the recovery of man, have wept tears of deep anxiety and anxious longing for the capture of souls. I saw one Officer, when I was under twenty, stand in the Officers' Council, and with tears coursing down his cheeks, say that he had been too hard on the sinners of his town, and now he was going to be more loving in his devotion to them, and, while still preaching the truth, more tenderly preach it. What a story he had to

tell, a week afterwards, with fifty penitents rejoicing his heart!

Do I not recall a large Corps in the North of England, where the Officer, a pronounced and effective speaker, suddenly discovered that all his speaking was of no avail, and that the passionate pleadings of his wife excelled all his activities, until he was ready to admit, both in public and in private, that his wife's tears had secured what his logic and denunciations had failed to secure?

And can I forget that, in the greatest revival I have personally known in any individual Corps—that in my own home Corps—when 5,000 souls at least, were won in eleven months, the woman who was used by God to rouse that town and smite souls right and left, and to rouse the godless and attract the drunkard, and to bring home to God hundreds who seemed utterly beyond hope, was a woman who, not once, but twenty times, had great seasons in which she sacrificed everything to that one consideration, and where her pillows were wet with her tears, and her whole attitude, demeanor, language, appeals, and personal touches were animated as one would expect when she ministered and served with a broken heart?

Nearly fifty years ago a young fellow left one of our Corps and went to the North of Scotland with tenderness, kindness, and spiritual fervor. With a touch that was almost that of the most gentle-spirited woman, and with a kindly, sympathetic eye and word and act he penetrated the homes of the fishermen, went in and out of their smoke sheds, where they were preparing their fish, and won hundreds of men to God, until, in some of the fishing villages of the North of Scotland, scarcely a man over seventeen years of age, had not been to his Penitent-forms.

With Tenderness

But the ministry of the broken heart is shown in its most complete and awful significance in the picture of our Lord Himself, who not only weeps for Lazarus, who not only sorrows and weeps over rebellious Jerusalem, but whose every act, word, teaching, seems to be impregnated through and through with the uttermost tenderness for the souls of men. It is shown in His wondrous plainness of speech to Nicodemus; in His sweet appeal to Zacchaeus; in His compelling truths to the young nobleman; in His patience and forgiveness towards the Magdalene—indeed, always, and it culminated in what we are now told by the surgeons was actually the death of the victim for the Salvation of a world, through a broken heart—"Forthwith came there out blood and water."

"In haunts of wretchedness and need,

On shadowed thresholds, dark with fears,

From paths where hide the lures of greed We catch the vision of Christ's tears."

Let us, as Salvationists—every Soldier, every Local Officer, every Officer who is specially covenanted with God to live in

(Continued on page 12)

CAMPAIGNING FOR THE KING

NINE SURRENDERS

OSHAWA (Adjutant Kettle, Captain Keeling)—We have been very fortunate in Oshawa these last few days back in having with us Brigadier Byers (R.). He conducted the Watch-night service, and gave a very stirring address. He also took the Saturday night meeting. The Brigadier was also with us all day Sunday. In the afternoon we had a Bible study instead of the usual type of service. At night nine seekers went to the Mercy-seat.

Special services are being conducted by the Brigadier every night during his stay, and every afternoon he leads a Bible class. The Band and Songsters are supporting throughout the Campaign.—H.M.S.

A VICTORIOUS ARMY

KIRKLAND LAKE (Captain Home-wood, Lieutenant Gray)—Our new Hall has already brought gratifying results. Strangers have come to the meetings. Our own Soldiers have been blest. Best of all, souls have been saved. Last Thursday night we held our first

Thirty-Two Captures in Campaign

COLONEL JACOBS (R.) rendered glorious service at LONDON I during the ten-day Campaign, which concluded on Monday night.

The first seeker surrendered on the first Sunday afternoon of the campaign. He went home, and met with ridicule from his wife, who declared she would never go to The Army. She changed her mind, however, arranged for the children to be taken care of, and accompanied her husband to the evening service, where she was converted.

A man left this meeting under conviction. Thirty years ago he had been an Army Bandsman. To-day he is a leader in London musical circles, and had not attended The Army for fifteen years. On Wednesday night he went to his band practice, but for some reason or other there was none. Desiring to hear Colonel Jacobs again, whom he knew years ago, he slipped into the back of the Hall. Before that meeting closed he was found at the Mercy-seat.

In all there were thirty-two seekers during the campaign. On week-nights the crowds averaged 200, while on Sunday evenings the Hall was filled before opening time.

On Wednesday night Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs. Hoe (R.), who were recently given a hearty welcome back to the city, conducted the meeting. Ensign and Mrs. Ellis are the Corps Officers.

SEVEN AT THE CROSS

ORILLIA (Commandant and Mrs. White)—The Holiness meeting was led by Songster-Leader F. Stroud and the Songster Brigade. At the close one came out for consecration. In the evening seven surrendered.—W. Wisheart.

HALF-NIGHT OF PRAYER

RIVERDALE (Captain and Mrs. Piltrey)—Major Holland conducted a most interesting Watch-night service, assisted by Adjutant Robertson and Ensign Gage. We commenced the first Saturday night of the New Year with a half-night of prayer. On Sunday Captain and Mrs. Piltrey conducted enjoyable services.

YOUNG PEOPLE BOMBARD

SARNIA (Adjutant and Mrs. Harrison)—We were visited by Adjutant N. Stevenson recently. On Saturday night, following the Open-air, the Adjutant conducted a Young People's Local Officers' Council. The Adjutant also launched the Young People's campaign for the month of January.

The Plank Road Outpost, a very healthy branch of our work, was visited, and the Citadel was the scene of further activities, the Adjutant meeting the Company meeting.

On Sunday night a good crowd attended the Salvation meeting. The Corps Cadets took part in this meeting. On Monday night the Young People conducted a bombardment, many carrying banners and mottoes, arousing great interest. This was followed by a rousing meeting inside. The Young People's Band assisted throughout.

YOUNG PEOPLE IN UNIFORM

EARLSCOURT (Adjutant and Mrs. Gage)—The first week of the New Year has been full of enthusiasm and campaign effort. Most important, souls have been saved and recent converts are testifying and taking a bold stand.

An encouraging feature is the number of Young People who have started to wear uniform.

Much has been made of the Open-air activities, aided by the good weather. Corps Cadets Open-air have been held. We have had the joy of seeing a number of former comrades attending the meetings again.

Last Sunday, being Corps Cadet Sunday, each Cadet read a portion of Scripture.

We were favored in having the Editor-in-Chief for the Watch-night service, and received blessing and inspiration from the Scriptural instruction.—A.M.

WEEK OF PRAYER

HALIBURTON (Captain Hawkes, Lieutenant Whale)—We have completed the united week of Prayer, which was in every way a very blessed and hallowed time. The success of the arrangements is due to the Rev. Shires, of the Anglican Church, and all religious leaders who worked in unison with him. We are already assured that this prayerful season has not been in vain, and we are continuing to pray that the blessing of God shall be upon us throughout the year.

THREE CAPTURES

ESSEX (Ensign and Mrs. Dickinson)—On the Saturday following New Year's the Band went to Tilbury. On a recent Sunday night three persons knelt at the Mercy-seat. On a recent Sunday night the meeting was illustrated by lantern slides.—H.G.

WARMLY WELCOMED

GLACE BAY (Commandant and Mrs. Lodge)—Commandant and Mrs. Lodge were given a very enthusiastic welcome to this Corps. On Sunday we experienced much of the presence of God in all services. In the Holiness meeting one comrade came forward to seek a deeper blessing, and at night we were happy to see two seeking pardon. It was pleasing to note the splendid attendance at each service.

FOUR AT THE CROSS

SCARLETT PLAINS (Captain and Mrs. Purdy)—On Sunday last Brother McDonald spoke to us, bringing a very helpful message. We had the great joy of seeing two backsliders kneeling at the Penitent-form.

On Monday we commenced our Campaign. We rejoiced to see four kneel at the Cross.—Jack.

CAMPAIGN OPENS

BEDFORD PARK (Captain Campbell, Lieutenant Vanderheiden)—Recently we were visited by Brigadier and Mrs. Ritchie. In the afternoon Mrs. Ritchie had a "Bible Match," which was very interesting. At night there was one seeker.

The following Sunday we were visited by Colonel Morehen (R.). It was the commencement of our Campaign. The Soldiers and ex-Soldiers tea was held on the Saturday, at which the Colonel presided. On the Monday he gave a lecture.—C.C.

COTTAGE MEETINGS

WALLACEBURG (Captain Furlonger, Lieutenant Wright)—We have opened our Young People's Campaign with a contest, to last to the end of February. Enthusiasm is running high.

Cottage Prayer-meetings have been started, and the first one was held at the home of Brother and Sister Baucher, veterans of the Corps, who are unable to attend the meetings at the Hall. Recently two came forward in a Sunday night meeting and gave their lives to God.

PRAYING FOR HUSBAND

WYCHWOOD (Captain and Mrs. Hiltz)—We have added to the list of our regular attendants a young woman who was wonderfully converted at the Penitent-form. We are now praying for her husband.

Last Sunday evening the meeting was led by Brigadier Macdonald (R.). There were no visible results until the singing of the Doxology, when one young woman sought Salvation. She was soon followed by two others.—D.C.H.

WORLD PEACE

BOWMANVILLE (Captain Smith, Lieutenant Tilley)—A service in connection with the annual week of Prayer was held on Friday night. There were present with us all the members of the Bowmanville Ministerial Association, who each took an active part in the service. The Hall was filled to capacity. The meeting was piloted by Captain Smith. The Trinity Church Choir Quartet rendered appropriate singing.

Rev. A. Armstrong urged the necessity of individual peace of soul in order to obtain international peace.—"Centen-Fal."

CAMPAIGN SUCCESS

BRACEBRIDGE (Adjutant and Mrs. Crowe)—The Winter Campaign is going well at this Corps. A number of backsliders of long standing have been restored. Adjutant Crowe spoke in the Presbyterian Church during the week of prayer. All churches united at our Hall on Friday night. Each minister took part. Our meetings and Open-air are being better attended. We are commencing cottage meetings with the "Shut-Ins."

A VICTORIOUS DAY

DOVERCOURT (Adjutant and Mrs. Mundy)—Sunday night witnessed the victorious climax of a week-end's meetings of unusual interest. Saturday night an appreciative crowd enjoyed a fine program of vocal music, supported by the Songster Brigades of Danforth, Riverdale, and Dovercourt Corps, under the chairmanship of Major F. Beer. The messages in song were an inspiration to all present.

The Sunday meetings were somewhat out of the usual. During the afternoon Staff-Captain Smith presented the Life-Saving Scout Troop with a new flag, and a large number of badges, which various Scouts had won during recent months. At night, following a song service, conducted by Deputy-Bandmaster Roberts, and an impressive address by Adjutant Mundy, one of the largest attended Prayer-meetings was, under the blessing of God, brought to a triumphant finish, with two at the Mercy-seat.—E.L.W.

YEAR OPENS WITH SOUL-SAVING

HAMILTON I (Staff-Captain and Mrs. Bourne)—During the first week-end services in the New Year we had the joy of seeing seven at the Mercy-seat; included in the number was a man and wife, for whom we had prayed during the last six months.

On the second Sunday the evening service was a Memorial service to our departed comrade, Sister Mrs. Adams, over forty years a Salvationist. Staff-Captain Bourne made a powerful appeal. The Band and Songsters took part. A request for the Band to play "Jerusalem, my Happy Home," during the Prayer-meeting, was granted. Decisions were made, for four, including another husband and wife, were saved. Bandsman B. Macmillan has been appointed Band-Sergeant. Songster-Sergeant Mrs. Macmillan was commissioned Corps Cadet Guardian.—H.F.

FIRST CORPS CADET SUNDAY

LACHINE (Captain Bateman, Lieutenant Wilson)—The first Corps Cadet Sunday at Lachine was a great success. Four young people were secured for Corps Cadetship. Our meetings were conducted all day by Captain Gordon, from Divisional Headquarters. Her messages brought blessing to many hearts.

The Company meeting is also increasing, forty-nine being present last Sunday. Company Guards have been secured. Three girls who have attended our meetings regularly since we opened, and who have given their hearts to Jesus, sang together very sweetly on Sunday night.

We have no Singing Company yet, but in the near future hope to have one; also a Band.

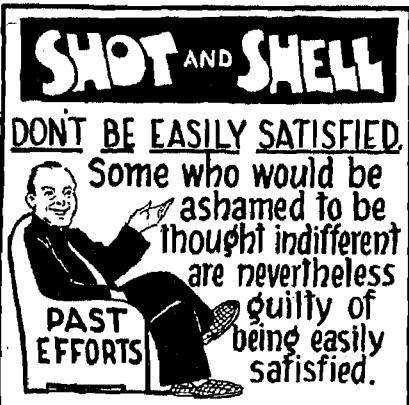
We were privileged to have with us last Thursday Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Burrows for the commencement of our Home League. Seventeen women gathered for the opening, and were greatly cheered and blessed by the words spoken. The meeting at night was also conducted by Mrs. Burrows.

On Wednesday the Rosemount Band came over to give us a helping hand. Special Open-air were conducted.

Although only a month old, our Corps was not behind in the giving out of Christmas baskets to the needy. The Watch-night service was conducted by our own Officers, and twenty-one attended. Amidst the noise of bells and guns going off to usher in the New Year, we consecrated our lives afresh for service.—Cent Daw.

CORPS CADET QUINTET

WESTON (Captain Wilder, Lieutenant Britton)—The Watch-night service, which was well attended, proved to be a blessing to all. One man came forward. Corps Cadet Sunday was a helpful day. We have five Corps Cadets who did splendidly. Two came forward at the close of the service.—E.P.



week-night Salvation meeting in the new building, and five knelt at the Mercy-seat. On Sunday another was saved in the night meeting.

We have commenced Young People's Salvation meetings on Monday nights, which are very well attended. The Company meeting attendance is steadily climbing.—Crusader.

HALL PACKED TO DOORS

HALIFAX II (Commandant and Mrs. Cavender)—During the last few weeks we have had the joy of seeing twelve seek and find Salvation. Great crowds fill the Hall to capacity every Sunday evening. Many requests for special songs have been received. On a recent Sunday the meetings were conducted by Major and Mrs. Owen. On the first Sunday of the year Commandant and Mrs. Richardson had charge of the morning meeting, and spoke words of farewell.

Our Young People's program was held in the Charles Street United Church Hall, which was filled long before the program commenced. Much credit is due to Life-Saving Guard-Leader Hilda Gray, under whose direction the program was presented.

The Home League Sale was opened by Mrs. Major Owen. A fine sum was realized. The Home League is doing a splendid work under the leadership of Mrs. Commandant Cavender.—M. Semple.

TWO SOLDIERS ENROLLED

PORT COLBORNE (Captain Nesbitt, Lieutenant Ward)—An increase in the Salvation meeting attendance is noted. Recently the Home League held a successful sale of work. At Christmas many needy families were given baskets of groceries, etc.

On Sunday last the meetings were led by Lieutenant Ellwood, who farewelled. Two sisters were enrolled in the evening service. Our Young People's work is progressing.—Lily Blanchard.

FIVE APPLY FOR CORPS CADETSHIP

TORONTO I (Commandant and Mrs. Woolfrey)—On Sunday nine Open-air, three indoor meetings, and three Young People's meetings were held. A splendid spirit was in evidence. The Corps Cadets began at the first Open-air, and took prominent part in all the activities of the day. The Brigade sang in the Holiness meeting. Corps Cadet Marskell read a paper in the afternoon. The largest crowd for the past six months attended the evening service, which finished with a "Wind-up," when many testimonies were given.

Five knelt at the Penitent-form. Five applications for Corps Cadetship were received.

FOUR FIND SALVATION

HAMILTON VI (Adjutant Froude, Lieutenant Knight)—Our Watch-night service was well attended. There were only three unconverted people in the meeting, and as the New Year came in these gave their hearts to God. All testified and all went home saved.

God was also with us for the first week-end. Lieutenant Singer, of the Salvation Army Hospital, led on Sunday night. One sought the Saviour.—A. F. Deverson.

WHERE CAN I GET "THE WAR CRY"?

If you have any difficulty in regularly obtaining a copy of "The War Cry," you can do one of three things:

Write or 'phone the Publisher, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.

'Phone to the nearest Corps Officer.

Speak to the first Salvationist you meet.



"THE WAR CRY" IS MORE THAN A NEWSPAPER

Of Special Interest to the Musical Reader

A WELSH BANDMASTER "AT HOME"

A Delightful Study of a Noble-Hearted Warrior

NOT a light showed anywhere. The cold wind which drove down that Glamorganshire valley, up which I was toiling, seemed to have blown even the gleaming stars out. The small rain which rushed into my face was nearly converted into hail—it bit into my skin, and roused feeling where the wind would have caused numbness. Suddenly the darkness grew more dense, while I obtained some shelter from the rain, though the wind was not abated. I stopped, peered about me, and found I was standing under a bridge of some sort. This much I had grasped when a sharply-struck chord of brass-produced music raced past my ear on the swift wind.

"Sounds hopeful," I thought, and stepped onward into the rain again. "Where there's a Band playing there must be a building to play in on such a night," I said to myself, and struggled on a few paces further.

Then I saw a lighted window, the first of a row of such, and I made out that I was in front of a terrace of working-men's houses—the usual colliery village "row," but that short, sharp roar of music could not have come from one of these.

A Vibrating Thrill

Passing along the dark street of the village, upon the outskirts of which I had unexpectedly come, I reached a taller building than the rest, and stood in the shelter of its wall to wait for the repetition of that music; when, without any warning, it burst forth again and sent a vibrating thrill through the wall at my back. This set me off at once searching for the entrance to the building, for the Band was playing within. Presently I located the doorway and stepped into the lobby, which was faintly illumined by the streak of light showing where the swing doors nearly met.

"Now let's get on," said a voice from the Hall; "we've stopped too

long on that, and we've no time to spare. After four, then—" and the basses began the sonorous introduction to the "Invitation" Selection! It was The Army Band at practice. A shrill whistle cut across the music before it had gone far, and when silence had been secured the voice said:

"Look you, suree, you mustn't puff out your cheeks like that; it spoils the note and it's not good for people to look at. Much of our impression is made by appearances, remember. Now, try it again!"

Once more the introduction growled forth.

"Stop! Stop!" shouted the voice, in excited tones; "Dai, you do blow your bass as if you was the new boy at the blacksmith's shop—just like this, 'puff, puff, puff,' quick and jerky. That's no more good in your instrument than in the fire. Now do you blow, 'puff-ff, puff-ff,' long, like that. Again, now."

For some time the selection moved safely along until the horn solo was reached, when, with a stamp of his foot on the floor, the conductor pulled the Band up short.

"See, there, Tom, bach, the words of that solo you are playing are, 'Though your sins be as scarlet.' Well, now, you don't want to snap the poor fellow's head off if they are; you must tell him there's hope for him—'They shall be as white as snow.' Now, do you put the 'white as snow' in cheerful, and let the 'sins as scarlet' be a bit sorrowful—not snappish. We'll start on the horn solo."

I thought the soloist had vastly improved the opening of his solo and expected the selection would proceed, but once again the music was stopped with a whistle.

Be Kind to Him

"Oh, anwyl, anwyl, stop, do! Don't all the world tell the poor boy he is a sinner? You are much kinder now, Tom, but all the basses are growling at him something shocking. Why can't you all be kind to him? Just suggest it to him in a secret sort of whisper. The scarlet sins will shout loud enough; all you need to do is to half turn your face away and just look it, see? Then don't be afraid you'll frighten him by saying, 'They shall be as white as snow.'"

This delightful study of the Bandmaster "at home" would never have been obtained if I had entered the Hall to sit on the back seat, as my tired limbs suggested I should do. Instead, I stayed in the porch, but I got numerous glimpses of the speaker as he darted round inside the circle of Bandsmen. He cut a strange figure as thus seen, but not to those men who hugged their pieces of plated brass. Awed were they. Besides, they knew him!

WHY

BECAUSE it is accepted as a standard or as a basis for our system of notation, all the notes used in it being called natural notes, which are those used apart from the sharpening or flattening process which every other scale requires for at least one of its notes. It is not that C major has a closer connection with nature, therefore, that it is given the name of the natural scale, for every other scale has as much or as little to do with nature. Our established system of notation, however, the notes of which are to be taken as representative of the keyboard of such instruments as the organ and piano, required some scale to be taken as a centre or as a starting point, and C has been chosen so that notes on the stave and the



Armed against Jack Frost. The all-weather Bandsmen of Listowel are never beaten by zero. With their instruments in their jackets, they can generally manage to keep Salvation melody ringing in the highways and byways

Swarthy of feature, coal-grimed withal, his bearded face seemed too small for his bonnie head, the black, shaggy mane of which glistened with a greenish sheen under the gaslight. His twitching nostrils and pursed-up lips were making play with his heavy eyebrows, and a sparse, untidy moustache tickled his rather prominent nose.

The short, slender body was thinner than it should have been, and he appeared to have stopped suddenly in his growth, like so many colliers, ere yet he had reached all his possibilities in this direction.

A Crude Baton

His waving baton was a piece of umbrella stick with a tack, which he fingered nervously now and again as he spoke to his men, still remaining in it, and he was garbed in an old Norfolk tunic which swung open to disclose a well-washed and darned guernsey.

While I observed these things the practice continued, and I was beginning to feel tired of standing so long, when I saw that the Bandmaster had pulled out a silver watch, which was attached to his waistcoat by a boot-lace.

"Gone ten," he muttered; "I must be off, boys. My poor Mary Ann is very unwell, and I promised her I'd not be late; but you can go on if you like lads. Besides, I am not quite the thing myself. I've had no sleep for two or three nights owing to my wife's illness, and I suppose I must do another turn to-night."

"No, no, Bandmaster; let my missis come and stay with her," said the tenor horn soloist, while one or two others supplemented his offer similarly.

"No good, boys; thank you all," said the little Bandmaster, smiling wearily; "she won't have anybody else with her."

"What time do you go to the pit in the morning?" asked one of his men as he made for the door; "I'll give you a call!"

"Five o'clock!" he answered. And then, as he reached the door, "Good-night, boys; God bless you!"

"Hullo," he said as he bumped into me in the darkness (I was in mufti). "Good-night," and he was gone. But

only for a moment. I had moved off towards the railway station and had covered perhaps fifty yards when I heard a pit-a-pat of hurrying footsteps coming along behind me. Then a hand was laid on my shoulder.

"You'll excuse me." It was the voice of the Bandmaster in my ear. "I ought to have asked you at the door. You were not seeking help in spiritual things?"

"Oh, no, thanks," I replied. "I was just listening to the Band."

"Ah! But are you converted, may I ask?"

"Yes, thank you!" I answered.

"That's all right, then," he returned. "I like to do my duty by everybody strange who comes across my path. Good-night." And with a brief but hearty handshake he ran off.

As I waited for my train on the railway station platform I mentioned The Army Band and its conductor to the stationmaster, and purposely asked if anybody thought the little Salvationist was a trifle eccentric.

The Soul Doctor

"Not they!" the railwayman instantly answered. "Wish we had a score more like him in the place. Do you know, when a poor fellow gets hurt in the mine, and it seems he has a poor chance of living, they do all they can with bandages and that, but it's Tom Morgan they send for as soon as they do the doctor."

Now, how could I help feeling proud to belong to an Organization which included among its Local Officers such a noble-hearted warrior as Tom Morgan?—J.A.H.

EARLSCOURT'S MUSICAL Auspicious Start

A splendid crowd attended the first of the Musical Sunday afternoons at Earls Court on January 3rd. Corps Secretary A. Majury was responsible for the program, and arranged an interesting afternoon. Owing to an unfortunate accident, Rev. Captain Sidney Lambert was unable to preside, and Adjutant Gage was called upon to substitute.

Captain Jennings rendered a monologue and Captain Currie a violin solo. Ensign Gage, of Bloor Street Hospital, gave a reading on the lessons obtained from a cornet. Deputy Bandmaster J. McArthur, of the Temple, gave two euphonium solos. The Band and Songsters also took part. The next of the series, on February 7th, will be arranged by Bandsman Macfarlane.

Last Sunday afternoon the Band paid a much-appreciated visit to the Toronto General Hospital where Adjutant Green is a patient.

The Adjutant and a Riverdale comrade and many other patients expressed their thanks for this thoughtful action.

A man went to see his physician for advice as to how to be cured of the habit of snoring. "Does your snoring disturb your wife?" asked the doctor. "Does it disturb my wife?" echoed the patient. "Why, it disturbs the whole congregation!"

WEDDING BELLS

Ring Merrily at Mount Hamilton

Recently, in the Hamilton V Citadel, Songster Martha Lupton and Bandsman John Sturch were united in marriage by Adjutant Alderman. Following the ceremony, representa-

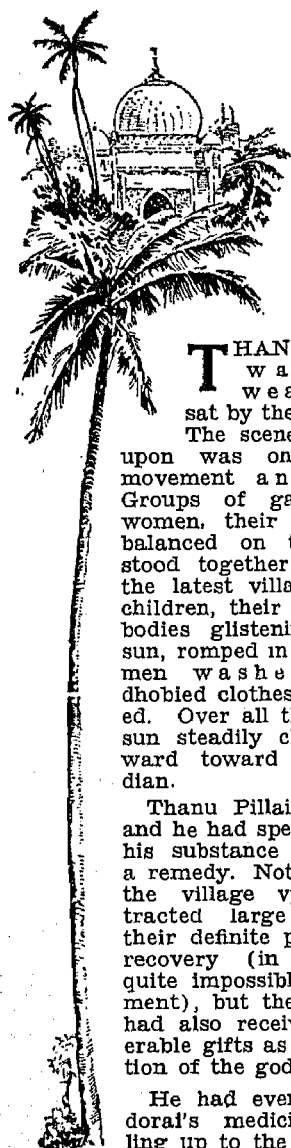


Bandsman and Mrs. Sturch, Hamilton V

tive speakers expressed their good wishes for the future happiness of the comrades.

Music was provided by the Band and Songsters. A message of congratulation was read during the evening from the Cradle Roll Sergeant at Barrow-in-Furness, where the bride was dedicated. The groom hails from Stratford-on-Avon.

After the service a banquet was served, when relatives and friends were able to felicitate the happy couple.



Thanu Pillai's Last Resource

A Weary Sufferer Overcomes his Fears of Salvation "Witchcraft"—and finds Light and Hope at Last—

THANU PILLAI was very weary as he sat by the tank-side. The scene he gazed upon was one full of movement and color. Groups of gaily-dressed women, their water-pots balanced on their hips, stood together bandying the latest village gossip; children, their wet brown bodies glistening in the sun, romped in the water; men washed bullocks drenched clothes and bathed. Over all the glorious sun steadily climbed upward toward the meridian.

Thanu Pillai was sick, and he had spent much of his substance in seeking a remedy. Not only had the village vydiens extracted large fees for their definite promises of recovery (in this case quite impossible of fulfillment), but the Brahmins had also received considerable gifts as a propitiation of the gods.

He had even tried the dora's medicine, traveling up to the capital for the purpose of seeing the State doctor, but his skill had proved unavailing.

East and west having thus failed, despair had seized him. The brilliant sunshine, the laughing and chattering people, the whole gay scene, only added to his gloom. His despondent appearance drew the attention of a man who had just finished washing his bulls. With the easy familiarity of the East, he soon learned the other's story, and his sympathy was aroused.

"Why have you not gone to the Eretchimiya Sanai Hospital, just down the road?" he asked. "They are very good and clever people."

"They are Christians," answered our friend, in disdain. "Clever and kind they be, but one hears there is

witchcraft in their teaching, and they trap people into joining their way."

"But no one is compelled to join their way. There is no need to be afraid. Many caste Hindus go to them, and even though they listen to the teaching, how many become Christians? Take my advice, and see if they can help you."

So saying, the stranger salaamed and sauntered away in the wake of his bulls.

Why Not?

Thanu Pillai sat still, thinking. He had thought of seeking the aid of this hospital before, but although it was close at hand he had elected to go to the State Hospital because, as he said, he was afraid there was witchcraft in the teaching of these Christians. But why should he not now give them a trial? Others had failed. These might give him relief from his torturing pain. He could shut his ears to the teaching.

So at length the resolve to run the risks was taken, and Thanu Pillai became an in-patient at the Catherine Booth Hospital. His was a bad case of cancer, but the staff withheld no service likely to allay the sufferings of the patient. A first operation was performed, and it was hoped that a second would bring about the desired result.

While waiting for strength to go through this second operation, Thanu Pillai lay on his cot watching with interest all that went on. He was much impressed by what he saw of the spirit of Christ in action, and, losing his fear of witchcraft, he opened his mind to receive the teaching he had so much dreaded.

The seed, falling thus into good ground, sprang up and bore fruit. One glad day Thanu Pillai told the kind friends he had learned to love in the Hospital of his desire to become a follower of Jesus. He was really converted, and delighted to testify to the change that had taken place in him, and also to pray publicly in the ward meetings.

His physical trouble increasing, the second operation had to be abandoned, and the doctor at length had sorrowfully to tell him that no more could be done for him.

He decided to go home, and, although he now knew that the end of his earthly life was near, he was undismayed. His visit to the Hospital had not been useless. His physical

trouble had not been relieved, but he had found there a Friend who would never leave him and whose rod and staff were to be his comfort as he passed through the dark valley of death.

Some little time later an Officer of the Hospital was on duty in the back streets of Kottar, an old Hindu town near Nagercoil, when a voice hailed him. Thinking someone might be needing medical attention, he responded, and was led down a narrow, dirty entry. His guide took him into a dismal little room, which at first he imagined to be empty. As his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, he discovered that a man was lying on a filthy bundle of rags in one corner. He was evidently in a bad way, for the stench in the tiny, airless place was unbearable, while myriads of buzzing flies added to the sick man's discomfort.

Mastering his physical repugnancy, the Captain went closer to the man and discovered, to his sorrow, that it was Thanu Pillai who lay in this deplorable condition.

His relatives, seeing he was dying and helpless, had heartlessly neglected him, and had even stolen all his movable property. But one thing they were unable to take from him.

CONVICTING EVIDENCE

Have You Experienced It?

There was a glad, sweet day when Christ revealed Himself within me. I could no more doubt this than I could doubt my own existence. My heart was filled with rapture. My soul was bathed in love. My eyes overflowed with tears of gratitude for His great love to me, and godly sorrow that I should "ever have doubted" or sinned against Him, and from that day I was a transformed man. Worldly passions and tempers were utterly subdued. Selfishness was lost in love, and if I had had a thousand lives, they every one should have been devoted to His service.

And since that day I have been constantly witnessing this same transformation in other lives. I find my experience and the Bible constantly answering each other. They match each other. They fit each other like the key and the lock. And this it is that keeps alive my faith in Christ. —S. L. Brengle, Commissioner.

Amid his sufferings and squalor he was rejoicing in the possession of the friendship of Jesus, whose teachings he was striving to carry out in his Hindu home as far as he was able.

The Highest End

Much moved, the Captain did what he could to administer consolation and spiritual help, and after prayer together the two parted for the last time on earth. Within a few days Thanu Pillai was called into the presence of the Master whom he had learned to love as a result of the ministrations of the staff of the Catherine Booth Hospital.

Thus we see how the highest end of our medical work was attained in the saving of this soul, even though the bodily ailment in this particular case was not cured.

SOULS CONVERTED

GLACE BAY (Commandant and Mrs. Lodge)—Recently we welcomed our new Officers. Souls are being converted.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PROGRESS

LACHINE (Captain Bateman, Lieutenant Wilson)—Great interest has been shown amongst the young people of Lachine, both French and English, in all meetings conducted in the Hall. On Sunday our Company meeting was properly started with an attendance of forty. A lantern service was given for the young people, and two hundred and twenty gathered for this.

Band of Love has also been started, with fifty-five out for the first meeting. Twenty-four names have been obtained for the Cradle Roll.—Cent Dau.

UNITED GATHERING

WOODSTOCK, N.B. (Captain and Mrs. Ritchie)—A large attendance gathered at our Hall for the united Watch-night service, led by our own Officers, and supported by ministers of the town. On New Year's night a splendid program was given in our Hall by the Young People.—G.S.

OLD FRENCH CUSTOM

MONTREAL III (Adjutant MacGillivray, Captain Wheeler, Lieutenant Brokenshire)—On Tuesday we met to observe an old French custom by having a mid-night supper. The tables were nicely decorated with flowers, and there were plenty of good things to eat. The gathering dispersed with the blessing of the Lord resting upon them.—F.V.

STRENGTHENING THE BAND

KEMPTVILLE (Captain Pedlar, Lieutenant Munro)—We rejoiced to see four adults and three young people kneeling at the foot of the Cross, offering up their all on the Altar. "Not by works, lest any man boast, by My Spirit." We are joyfully admitting two new members to our small Band.—Excelsior.

The Ministry of a Broken Heart—By The Commissioner

this spirit—consecrate ourselves afresh to the ministry of reconciliation, to the service of lost souls, to the ministry of the bleeding, broken, feeling heart, and may it not be that not only Officers, but hundreds of our Soldiers, will personally rejoice before the Campaign is through, that they have seen such fruits of spiritual tenderness, that they could not see through the other processes which, necessitous as they are, and commanded by God as they have been, must always be accompanied with a passion for souls?

We have a great work to do. We have many prayers to offer, but the Holy Ghost will come upon us and will show us the need, and give the unction and compelling

(Continued from page 9)

power to that heart which, feeling utterly and sympathizing seriously, will serve to the very uttermost in any sacrificial activities that will win the souls, not only of the backsliders, but those who are godless and worldly, and who have never known the power of Divine grace.

There is great promise for the compassionate lovers of souls. "They that sow in tears will reap in joy."

Oh, break my heart; but break it as a field
Is by the plough up-broken for the corn;
Oh, break it as the buds, by green leaf
sealed,

Are, to unloose the golden blossoms,
torn;
Love would I offer unto love's great
Master,
Set free the odor, break the alabaster.

Oh, break my heart; break it, victorious
God,
That life's eternal well may flash abroad;
Oh, let it break as when the captive trees,
Breaking cold bonds, regain their liberties;
And, as thought's sacred grove to life is
springing,
Be joys, like birds, their hope, thy
victory singing.

Sacrificial Service is the Service that Counts

Remember this during THE WINTER CAMPAIGN

A PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

DOES JESUS REIGN IN YOUR LIFE?

My Thoughts on The Bible

By Captain R. Dollar, Founder of the Dollar Steamship Lines

FOR the past sixty years, every morning before breakfast, I have read part of a chapter in the Old and New Testaments. Also, at that time I write in my diary.

By commencing the day with the reading of my Bible, I find it gives me much valuable information, and inspiration which is past my power to express on paper. The older I become—and I am now past my eighty-seventh year—the more benefit do I derive from this habit of reading from chapters of the Bible each morning, not alone from a spiritual standpoint, but from a commercial one as well, as I find it of great help in my business. It has meant guidance and help in my efforts to make success in the world.

My appreciation of the value of the Bible to mankind is such that, for some years past, I have been continually giving away great numbers of them. On our big fleet of passenger steamers a Bible has been placed in every room. In addition to this, Bibles in the Chinese language have been placed in all our Chinese passengers' quarters. This makes a total of some four thousand or so in all. Through the American Sunday School Union, I have given away many thousands of New Testaments.

Bible Aids Business

My business necessitates travelling around the world, and doing business with many nationalities. In coming in contact with people this way I could not help but be impressed with the first chapter of Joshua, eighth verse: "This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night"; also, the part of the ninth verse: "Be strong and of a good courage . . . neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." In all my travels I have always kept the foregoing in mind.

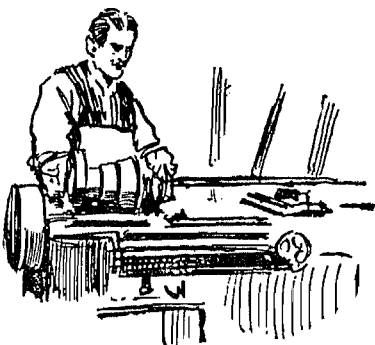
At this time, when the world appears to be beset with various ailments of one kind or another, I find food for thought in Hebrews, the fourth chapter, twelfth verse, wherein it says: "For the word of God is living and active . . . and quick to discern the thoughts and intents of the heart."

As we advance, as we accomplish more and more in the realms of science and its contributing factors, the more do we depend on the living Word of God, whether we realize it or not. Those of us who do realize it are indeed fortunate; for we are blessed with the truth thereby.

A GREAT CHANGE

FORTY years ago the materialists were having it all their own way. During the last forty years we have seen the pendulum swing to the other side until to-day there is hardly a great scientist who does not hold to the spiritual interpretation of the universe. Within the last twelve months three great scientists, Edington, Curtis, the astronomer, and Sir Oliver Lodge, have published books saying that their studies have impelled them to the conviction that spirit is at the heart of things.

Intellectually, as well as politically, the direction of all true progress is toward greater freedom, and along an endless succession of ideas.—Bovee.



HE WAS ONLY A MACHINIST

Yet there was not a chap in the plant more highly respected

HE HAD no particular talent. He was just an ordinary young machinist. But Ed Douglas was more highly respected by the men in the shop than any other chap in the place. His was one of the names that were familiar to pretty nearly every chap working in that big plant. Ed was not popular with the men because he set out to make himself popular by always agreeing with his mates. Indeed, he often went full tilt against their opinions, and, principally, against their actions. Often he would approach the fellow who had just ripped out a string of oaths and rebuke him, although never with a suggestion of Pharisaical superiority. He was simply trying to show the blasphemer that it would pay him to cut out his foolish, senseless swearing.

He did not belong to any of the fraternal organizations, but he has been known to spend many a night with a sick shopmate. Frequently he left in the home part of the not over-abundant cash in his pocket, but, better than that, he left a smile on the face of the tired, discouraged nurse-wife—the children wished that he might come again, and the sick man felt the cheer of his presence.

He was an arbitrator in personal disputes in the shop, and the boys never repudiated his decisions. Not infrequently he dared approach the boss in behalf of a supposedly-wronged fellow workman. The boys admired his disinterested nerve. Somehow, he seemed to know when the rest had met with adversity, or even the smaller discouragements which make life seem hard. Always was there a strong, cheerful word which usually braced up the fellow who had thought that the whole world had gone wrong. The apprentices were particularly fond of him, because he appeared to have a lively interest in their affairs. Never did he seem to hand out wisdom in large chunks, with an air of patronage or paternalism. Never was there a suspicion of cant. Ed was just a sane, healthy-minded, strong-hearted young man, who felt there was a place for Christian living outside of the Army Hall or Church building and away from the Sunday services.

May his kind increase. We need them. The sympathetic touch of a shopmate counts for more than most of us imagine. Every morning brings its weight of woe, and every evening its burden. No matter what the cause, the need is ever the same, and relief is usually found in the simple, manly message of love and sympathy manifested in the life of the fellow who works by our side.

At least it will help, for it is doing just what the great Carpenter did and what He would continue to do were He upon earth. That's what made young Douglas, the machinist, a bigger factor in the lives of those working men than any other single individual. It paid him, too. Anyway, you'd think so, if you could see his face while he worked—worked for men and for God—just a machinist.

A STUDY SUGGESTION

ONE of the most interesting, and, at the same time, one of the most searching and rewarding of New Testament studies is that of the titles, either assumed by the followers of Christ, or conferred upon them by those who took knowledge of them. Each suggests some characteristic, either of their life as seen by others, or of their purpose and aim as cherished by themselves.

For instance, they were known among themselves as disciples, because they were fellow learners in Christ's school. They were known also as brethren, because of the law of love which bound them in mutual recognition and consideration. They were known, too, as saints, because their common aim was a life of lowliness, in correspondence with the life of Him whose name they bore. Their opponents at Antioch, as you will remember, on one occasion nicknamed them Christians, because they were so evidently followers of Christ, and this, of all distinguishing titles, persists. We ourselves to-day glory in it.

We suggest that young people look up references in the Bible to names of the followers of Christ, and make a study of their significance.

The Wonder of the Human Body

Truly, We Are "Fearfully and Wonderfully Made"

CRIED the Psalmist: "I am fearfully and wonderfully made" (Psalm 139:14.) The word "fearfully" in this passage is indeed impressive. So delicately combined; so much in danger of being dissolved by innumerable causes, is man, that one must tremble who stops to consider.

Where can we find a pump as perfect as the human heart? If the owner treats it right, it stays on the job for more than 600,000 hours, making 4,320 strokes and pumping 15 gallons an hour. We have no telephonic mechanism equal to our nervous system; no wireless as efficient as the voice and the ear; no cameras as perfect as the human eye; no ventilating plant as wonderful as the nose, lungs, and skin; and no electrical switchboard can compare with the spinal cord.

The very air we breathe may cause death. The touch of an insect, a cut or scratch, a delicious morsel of

GIVE US EYES

*"Lord of the far horizons
Give us the eyes to see
Over the verge of sundown
The beauty that is to be.
Give us the skill to fashion
The task of Thy command,
Eager to follow the pattern
We may not understand."
—Bliss Carman.*

food, may instantly turn the most athletic form into a corpse. Where is the mysterious link between spirit and body? How do they touch? Why is it that the spirit does not wander off to the stars any moment, like flights of mind? Where is the secret laboratory where birth as a natural fact, and creation as a supernatural fact, coincide? We cannot find it. Life shrouds its secret with a veil as impenetrable as that which shrouds death. It is a solemn fact—we are "fearfully and wonderfully made."

OUR OPEN FORUM

A column on this page will be open for the presentation and discussion of matters that have a bearing on the life of young people. Questions may be asked; personal problems dealt with; the story of conversion given; a written testimony or the account of an adventure in Christian warfare—in fact, letters will be welcomed concerning the hundred and one things that have to do with the youth of to-day. We invite the young folk in their teens and early twenties to write, care of the Editor, "The War Cry" (Open Forum), 20 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont. Be sure to give full name and address, as well as pen-name.

Dear Editor:

I have been studying the letters in the Open Forum and they have brought back to me desires I once possessed.

I once had a deep longing to be an Army Officer; in fact, I had filled out Candidates' forms, but after hearing so many discouraging reports, threw it all down.

I have also been discouraged because of the fact that I can't sing; and there is the matter of health, about which I am fearful. I am only nineteen years of age.—Montreal.

We regret the fact that you have given no name. The obstacles which you have mentioned as standing in your path to Officership are indeed

serious, but if you are convinced that God is leading you, then it is certainly your duty to act in the face of discouragement. If you should not succeed, you will at least know you have done your part.

You inform us in your private P.S. that you have had an interview with a certain Officer. We imagine that he would be able to give you even more satisfactory counsel than we could, for he would be able to get closer to the real situation. May God bless you.

Every step of progress which the world has made has been from scaffold to scaffold, and from stake to stake.—Wendell Phillips.

SPREADING THE LIGHT

Corps taking 210 and More
"War Crys" Weekly

HALIFAX I (Staff-Captain and Mrs. Earle)	850
MONTREAL I (Commandant and Mrs. Speller)	700
OTTAWA I (Major and Mrs. Ellsworth)	500
MONCTON (Adjutant and Mrs. Cubitt)	400
WINDSOR I (Ensign and Mrs. Warrander)	350
ST. JOHN I (Adjutant and Mrs. Martin)	350
TIMMINS (Adjutant and Mrs. Jones)	330
SHERBROOKE (Adjutant and Mrs. Hempstead)	325
ST. THOMAS (Adjutant and Mrs. Godden)	310
PETERBORO (Adjutant and Mrs. Falle)	300
HAMILTON IV (Ensign and Mrs. Jolly)	300
HAMILTON I (Staff-Captain and Mrs. Bourne)	300
FREDERICTON (Adjutant and Mrs. Stevens)	290

SPECIAL NOTICE TO OFFICERS

With a view to encouraging interest in the sale of "The War Cry," the Commissioner has decided to offer three substantial cash bonuses to Officers making the best proportionate increases in the circulation of the Official Organ during the year 1932. This advance must be maintained for at least six months. Small Corps, as well as large, will participate equally. These awards will be made before the end of December.

SYDNEY (Adjutant and Mrs. Cranwell)	285
MONTREAL IV (Captain and Mrs. Lorimer)	275
SARNIA (Adjutant and Mrs. Harrison)	270
WINDSOR II (Captain and Mrs. Hetherington)	250
LONDON I (Ensign and Mrs. Ellis)	250
KINGSTON (Adjutant and Mrs. Barker)	250
GLACE BAY (Commandant and Mrs. Lodge)	235
BRANTFORD (Adjutant Bird, Ensign Hart)	235
HAMILTON III Adjutant and Mrs. Barr)	230
CHARLOTTETOWN (Adjutant and Mrs. Kimmins)	225
ST. STEPHEN (Commandant and Mrs. Sanford)	225
WINDSOR III (Ensign and Mrs. Hobbs)	225
ST. CATHARINES (Adjutant and Mrs. Larman)	225
VERDUN (Adjutant and Mrs. Boshier)	220
OTTAWA III (Adjutant and Mrs. Waters)	210
ORILLIA (Commandant and Mrs. White)	210

DID THE MASTER SMILE?

(Continued from page 2)

and groom after the water had become wine!

Another touching incident occurred when the rich young ruler inquired the way to eternal life. Can't you picture the scene? A bright, young man pouring out his soul to the Lord, earnestly seeking the truth. As Jesus replied He saw the possibilities of a consecrated life. His heart went out to the ruler for we read that Jesus loved him, and in that love there must have been a questioning, searching smile on the face of the Master as if to say "Won't you, for my sake, give over that one thing which would hinder complete fellowship with Me?"

Oh, yes, Jesus smiled and He still smiles. Joy is indelibly stamped on His loving face when He sees a poor wayward child making his way back to God, via the Calvary road. His face surely lightens when He sees a sincere soul struggling in a determined effort to love and serve Him. Let us exhibit this same spirit.

—F. J. Knights, Montreal.

THE WINTER CAMPAIGN

Are you living up to your privileges
in the matter of uniform wearing?

TAILORING and DRESSMAKING

PRICES FOR MADE-TO-ORDER GARMENTS

WOMEN'S UNIFORMS

OFFICERS' OR SOLDIERS' SPEAKER SUITS		
L573, Blue Serge	\$30.00
No. 3, Blue Serge	34.00
OFFICERS' AND SOLDIERS' DRESSES		
No. 151, Blue Serge	\$19.00
No. 571, Blue Serge	22.00
No. 154, Blue Serge	24.00
L573, Blue Serge	26.00
Tricotine	28.00
No. 3, Blue Serge	30.00
Heavy Grey Serge	33.00

Officers' Trimmings extra, according to rank.
Women's Extra Dress Collars, 75c. each, plus rank trimmings.

MEN'S UNIFORMS

	Tunic	Pants	Two-Piece Uniform
"Campaign" Blue Serge	\$20.00	\$ 8.50	\$28.50
"Soldiers' Special," Blue Serge	21.00	9.00	30.00
Grey A, B	25.00	10.00	35.00
C	24.50	9.50	34.00
No. 6, Blue Serge	25.00	10.00	35.00
No. 7, Blue Serge	26.00	10.50	36.50
No. 8, Blue Serge	27.00	11.00	38.00
Clerical Vest, Blue Serge, Regular, \$8.50; Special Price,			\$7.00
Clerical Vest, Red, Regular, \$10.75; Special Price			\$9.00
Band Trimmings (tunic) \$5.00 extra.			

WOMEN'S LONG COATS

Cravenette, Showerproof	\$34.00
No. 6	38.00
No. 7	39.00
No. 8	40.00
Beaver, navy blue	46.00
Vicuna	46.00

MEN'S WINTER OVERCOATS

Beaver, navy blue	\$46.00
Beaver, silver grey	48.00
Vicuna	58.00
Melton	56.00

ALL BESPOKE FINISH

SEND FOR MEASUREMENT CHART.

WE PROMISE EVERY SATISFACTION

Carrying Charges extra (post or express).

SALVATION ARMY SHIELDS and PINS

SILVER-PLATED SHIELD, Large25
WHITE METAL SHIELD, Small25
STERLING SILVER SHIELD, Small50
SILVER-PLATED SHIELD on Bar60
RED ENAMEL SHIELD, Medium Size40
JUNIOR SOLDIERS' SHIELD—Silver-Plated, Medium Size25
CREST ON MAPLE LEAF—Sterling Silver60
CREST PIN (Gilt), Round35
CREST ON LAPEL BUTTON (Round)35
CREST ON LAPEL BUTTON (Shaped)35

TRI-COLORED RIBBON

One-Inch, 40c. per yard; Half-Inch, 25c. per yard.

WOMEN'S BONNETS

Best Quality (Fruited)	\$16.00
Best Quality (Plain)	15.25
Cheaper Quality (Soldiers only, Fruited)	11.00
Sizes XO (Small) O (Large) Post paid.		

MEN'S CAPS

—Complete with Band and Crest (Soldiers, Bandsmen, and Officers, below the rank of Major), best quality, \$4.00; cheaper quality, \$2.35. Post paid.

THE NEW REGULATION HAT

This Style of Hat,
as Internationally
worn, is becoming
very popular

PRICES:

FELT (Silk Finish)

(including Red
Band and
Metal Crest) \$4

FELT

(Cheaper
Quality) \$3

Postage Extra. In Ontario, 20 cents; elsewhere 25 cents

All Orders will receive prompt and careful attention



Address all Correspondence to:

THE TRADE SECRETARY, 20 Albert St., Toronto 2, Ont.

A PRAYER

(No. 407 in new Song Book)

Father of Jesus Christ the Just,
My Friend and Advocate with Thee,
Pity a soul that fain would trust
In Him who lived and died for me!
But, only Thou canst make Him
known,
And in my heart reveal Thy Son.

If, drawn by Thine alluring grace,
My want of living faith I feel,
Show me in Christ Thy smiling face;
What flesh and blood can ne'er
reveal

Thy co-eternal Son display,
And turn my darkness into day.

The gift unspeakable impart;
Command the light of faith to
shine,
To shine in my dark, drooping heart,
And fill me with the life divine;
Now bid the new creation be!
O God, let there be faith in me.

Thee without faith I cannot please,
Faith without Thee I cannot have;
But Thou hast sent the Prince of
Peace

To seek my wandering soul, and
save;
O Father, glorify Thy Son.
And save me for His sake alone.

Save me through faith in Jesus'
blood,

That blood which He for all did
shed;

For me, for me, Thou knowest it
flowed,

For me, for me, Thou hearest it
plead;

Assure me how my soul is Thine.
And all Thou art in Christ is mine!

We are looking for you



The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty.

One dollar, should, where possible, be sent with enquiry, to help defray expenses.

Address Lieut.-Colonel Sims, Men's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2, in the case of men, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.

In the case of women, please notify Colonel DesBrisay, Women's Social Secretary, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2.

PURSEY, Howard Gordon — Born in Charlottetown, P.E.I., 1885. Joined the Navy, 1903, in Boston.

WALKER, Arthur — Born, 1897, in Qupella, Sask.; height 5 ft. 10 ins.; fair complexion; fair hair; brown eyes. Last heard from Nova Scotia. Served in the British Navy during the war. Mother enquires.

SIMPSON, Ernest — Last heard from, Georgetown. Married; height 5 ft. 4 ins.; grey eyes; fair hair. Occupation, mechanic. Age 48 years.

COOK, Frank — Age 70; comes from Overwallop, Hampshire; last heard from Weston, Ont. Came to Canada 1906.

MOYLE, William Henry — Age 28; height 5 ft. 11 ins.; weight 165 lbs. English. Fair hair and blue eyes. Married. Iron moulder.

DITTRICK, Frank — Single; age 53; height 6 ft.; greyish brown hair; blue eyes.

WELLS, William — Came to Canada, from England, 1908 or 1909; height 6 ft. 8 ins.; age 55 years.

JONES, Rev. Harold — English; about 40 years of age; married. A native of Herefordshire, England.

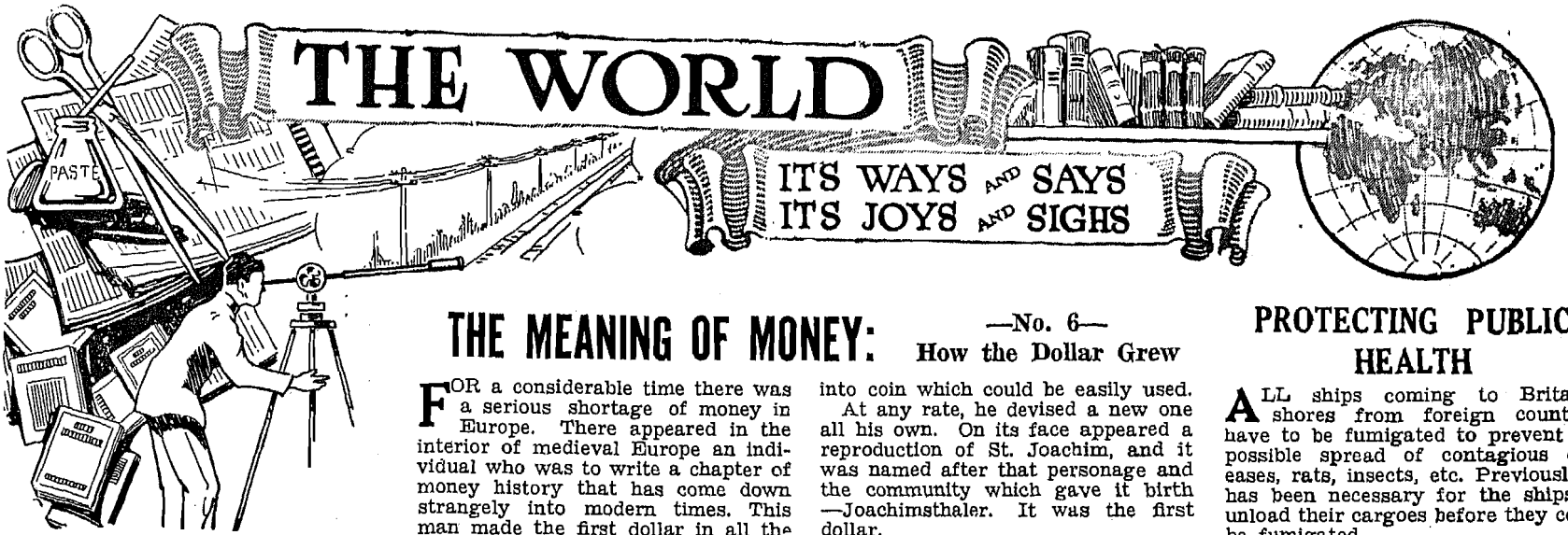
CLARKE, Edith — Sailed from Southampton for Canada, in 1922. Height 5 ft. 4 ins.; brown hair and grey eyes; fair complexion. Age 31. Parents broken-hearted.

RORKE, Arthur William, Jr. — Age 47; height 5 ft. 8 ins.; brown hair; brown eyes; fair complexion. Last heard from, January, 1906. Father anxious for news.

PHYLLIS, Mrs. William — Last known address, Parry Sound. Last heard of in February, 1929. Married. Six children. Maiden name, Mary Eliza Smith. Age 40. Height 5 ft 3 ins.; dark hair; blue eyes. Native of White Abbey, Ireland. Husband is a carpenter.

OTTERSTROM, Mrs. Jennie Elizabeth (formerly Blomqvist) — Born in Finland, August 10th, 1895. Brown hair; blue eyes. Lived for some time in Montreal. Thought to be now in Toronto. We have information which will be of advantage to her.

GIBBS, Mrs. Elizabeth — Last heard of in Montreal. Age 66; height 6 ft.; grey hair; blue eyes. Native of Poplar, London, England. Husband has two children by a previous marriage. Alfred, age 51, and Emma, age 53. Mrs. Gibbs came to Canada in April, 1907.



New Series

FINE SILK AND SACKCLOTH

Threads of World Events Passed Through "The War Cry" Loom

FOR months past Manchuria has occupied the front pages of our newspapers. It seems almost impossible to secure thoroughly unbiased light on the present involved situation, though we imagine the blame for the dispute between China and Japan cannot be laid wholly at the door of either nation.

Manchuria is the cockpit of Asia. Her strategic position makes her so. Take a look at the map. To the north lies Russia, to the south, China, of which Manchuria is nominally a province, whilst off the coast are the islands which constitute Japan. These three great nations are vitally interested in Manchuria.

In the 1890's when Russia was throwing her trans-Siberian railway across two continents, she discovered that six hundred miles could be saved if she could build directly through Manchuria to the coast. China granted right of way, and thus commenced the rise of modern Manchuria. That line, with its branch which is now called the South Manchuria Railway, soon turned a wild, thinly-populated land into a vast granary, drawing settlers from China at the rate of anywhere from 300,000 to 1,500,000 in a single year.

After the 1904 war, Russia ceded to Japan her possession of the South Manchuria Railway as far north as Chang-Chun. Thus we have in North Manchuria, through which the Russian-controlled railway passes, a sphere of powerful Russian influence. The southern section, scene of the present disturbance, is dominated by Japanese interests. Both areas are settled by Chinese immigrants.

The argument that Japan desires Manchuria for her surplus population is specious. Though offered every inducement, less than two hundred thousand Japanese have migrated to Manchuria. It is as a source of food supplies, and raw materials for her factories, that Japan is so vitally interested in this "danger zone."

To-day the fate of Manchuria hangs in the balance. The dragon and the Rising Sun are quarreling over this wealthy land, and far to the north crouches the great Bear, looking on with something vastly more than mere passing interest. — The Tenter.

A THRIVING COMMUNITY

A pamphlet issued by the "Cornwall Freeholder" draws attention to the rapid rise of this city in its population and industries. The former, now standing at 16,500, has gone up 50 per cent. in the past decade, while the industrial plants now employ more than 3,500 workers. Cornwall is the focal point for marketing and purchasing for 60,000 people residing in the counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry.

THE MEANING OF MONEY:

—No. 6—

How the Dollar Grew

FOR a considerable time there was a serious shortage of money in Europe. There appeared in the interior of medieval Europe an individual who was to write a chapter of money history that has come down strangely into modern times. This man made the first dollar in all the world, and gave it a name which, though the etymology is not apparent at a glance, becomes upon examina-

into coin which could be easily used.

At any rate, he devised a new one all his own. On its face appeared a reproduction of St. Joachim, and it was named after that personage and the community which gave it birth — Joachimsthaler. It was the first dollar.

Now note the evolution of the word "dollar" from this, its polysyllabic ancestor. When the Joachimsthaler



Deer shooting from a peak of the Kaimanawa Range, in the beautiful North Island of New Zealand

tion in the lineal ancestry of the word "dollar."

The Count of Schlick, for such was his title, dwelt in St. Joachimsthal (Joachim's Dale) a mining region of Bohemia. The patron saint of the community was St. Joachim.

Here the Count of Schlick, in 1516, appropriated a silver mine. As his retainers took out the precious metal, the master laid his finger to his temple and considered the purpose to which he should put it. He must have been a man of perception, for he seemed to realize that he dwelt in a money-hungry world, and that his silver would serve best if made

found its way into medieval Germany it was warmly welcomed. A practical people, however, soon tired of the length of its name, and by a judicious dropping of syllables it became the "thaler." The word in that form still survives in Germany.

When the thaler passed into the Netherlands its pronunciation was somewhat changed. There it was called the "daler." Then it crossed to England, where, by use of the broad "a," daler became "dollar."

Under this modified name and geographically transplanted, the Joachimsthaler of the Count of Schlick has grown and prospered.

PROTECTING PUBLIC HEALTH

ALL ships coming to Britain's shores from foreign countries have to be fumigated to prevent the possible spread of contagious diseases, rats, insects, etc. Previously it has been necessary for the ships to unload their cargoes before they could be fumigated.

Now, however, the British Public Health Service has developed and adopted a method of fumigating loaded ships. The new method is said to increase the effectiveness of such quarantine protection and save the shipowners considerable time by eliminating the necessity of ships remaining in quarantine a week or more before discharging cargoes.

THE DOCTOR'S MAGNET

A Splendid "Adventure"

Courageous and highly-skilled doctors are always trying new methods of saving life. One of the most recent of these splendid "adventures" in the name of humanity was made after a six-year-old Nottingham boy had swallowed a ball-bearing.

Owing to the lad's weakness, an anaesthetic could not be employed to permit of an ordinary operation, and Dr. H. Bell Tawse came to the conclusion that the only chance of removing the ball-bearing without a vital operation was by means of a powerful magnet.

A huge apparatus which draws particles from eyes was taken to the operating theatre and the boy's body passed through a circular magnet, so that when the current was switched on he was in the middle of a powerful magnetic field.

A tube with a small electric bulb at the end was then passed down the lad's throat, and a magnetized rod, made specially for the operation, was passed down the tube.

In a second the ball clicked on the rod, and the surgeon was able to withdraw the obstruction.

There must now be another Nottingham family ready to say a good word for doctors!

The Maharaja of Kashmir, India, is probably the richest man in the world. His annual income is said to total two and a quarter million pounds, approximately \$11,250,000, and his jewels are priceless. At his coronation, six years ago, he wore wonderful diamonds, pearls and emeralds, and when as a boy he was a page of honor to Lord Curzon, then Viceroy of India, his golden robe and pearl chain cost over \$5,000,000.



A scene in Persia. Arabs to the rescue of a desert transport car, struck in the soft ground on the Teheran road in Persia

No. 2466. 16 pp. Price Five Cents

TORONTO, JANUARY 23, 1932

JAMES HAY, Commissioner

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde Again

This week's Police Court Gleanings include Stories about George the Money-Lover, the Lad who tried to Live a Double Life, and Two Light-Fingered Young Men who came within the Clutches of the Law

LIFE teems with peril for youth. When legitimate energy is harnessed to uncontrolled desires and ambitions, reason and conscience are all too often thrown off, as curbing irritants, in the hectic rush. If for no other reason than that they act as harbors of safety for thousands of young men and women who fall into the cold hands of the law, The Army's representatives in Canadian police courts are worth infinitely more than their weight in gold to the nation.

The love of money proved the root of evil for George D—. He held a fine position, and made such progress that his employer eventually trusted him with a place of responsibility.

Pressed for Money

Then the speculation bogey got the better of him, and his wages disappeared like water. Soon he found his weekly pay-check was not quite able to meet the demands. He was being pressed for money too, and for many days went about in a state of nervous despair.

It was at this point that he commenced appropriating moneys not his own. This went on for weeks. No one knew.

Time came, however, for the books to be audited. The employer was amazed to discover a deficiency of hundreds of dollars.

George threw up his hands in despair. In one sense he was glad it had come to light at last—though he knew it meant prison. Anything was better than the overwhelming accusation of an assertive conscience!

The matter was put into the hands of a lawyer. He at once sought the advice of Staff-Captain Bunton, our Toronto Police Court Officer, who advised that full restitution should be made.

On Parole

The young man, who pleaded guilty, was remanded by the Magistrate. The Staff-Captain and the lawyer collaborated in obtaining financial aid from his friends, and all debts were paid. Then on the second appearance in Court, at The Army's request, he was put on parole, Staff-Captain Bunton being made responsible for his general behavior!

Such a procedure was vastly better than sending the young fellow "down" for several years! It is easier to make criminals, than to reform them after they have been made!

Companionships present a pitfall to many a young person. Just a few days ago, for instance, The Army received a lad from a certain court, who had faced a charge of "breaking and entry."

He came from a respectable family, and was a member of a Sunday school, where he played in the orchestra.

Becoming acquainted with several "toughs" in the district, he was captivated by the glamor of their wild, free life. Very soon they had him completely under their thumbs. Whilst with them his life was a veritable parade of wrong thinking, wrong talking, wrong acting.

At home, and at Sunday school he put his best face on—but found this Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde experience

more taxing than he cared for.

"Easy money to-night," a member of the "gang" whispered to him one day. He soon discovered a robbery had been planned, and he was expected to take part.

That was the beginning of the end. The robbery was executed—but the young man living the double life, was caught red-handed.

Next day a white-faced man sought an interview with The Army Police Court Officer. "Can you help my young brother?" he asked. "His parents are well-nigh heart-broken. They are not thinking so much of the disgrace that falls upon them—but of the lad's future. Oh! if you could only save him from prison I know he would go straight."

Our Officer interceded, the guilty lad was released on probation, and each week now he reports to The Army. Needless to say, the gratitude of his parents and brother knows no bounds.

Hardened young rascals they were in the eyes of the court. But The Army saw in the two prisoners—mere boys—the possibility of making clean, upright men! So we pleaded for them, and succeeded in getting

their sentences reduced considerably.

They faced eleven charges, and could have been sent down for twenty-one years. A mania for stealing had possessed them. They did not need the material—they didn't even try to get rid of it, for the police found the cache securely hidden—diamonds, brooches, rings and what not!

Worth Another Chance

They were, of course, due for the Pen, but after The Army's intervention the Magistrate sent them for six months to another, and more helpful institution, where they will be directly under the ministrations of a devoted Salvationist chaplain, and, incidentally, will be able to attend a prison school.

They are worth another chance—these irresponsible young scallywags! Who knows what they might become when once they have been taught to divert their bubbling energy into constructive and worthwhile channels?

Commandant and Mrs. Spearing, recently appointed to the Montreal Industrial, have been heartily welcomed, and have entered upon their new tasks with enthusiasm.

FOR WORKLESS WOMEN

The Army's Home in Montreal Meets a Real Need

The "Montreal Daily Star" contains an interesting write-up concerning The Army's Home for Working Women in that city, from which we quote the following:

"The Salvation Army Home for Working Women on St. Antoine Street, near Fulford, houses a great many who are workless women. They all want work by the day, but it is very hard to get. The matron, Adjutant Lily Powell, stated that although the rate had been lowered to \$1.75 a day with carfare, that the inmate who averaged more than a day a week was exceptional.

There are twenty-seven women living in the Home. The youngest is 18, the oldest 55 years of age. There is a mother with a small child who goes to St. Patrick's school. One woman who was deserted by her husband nineteen years ago, has lived in the home ever since.

The charge for the bed in the dormitory rooms is two dollars a week. The food is served on the cafeteria plan, nothing more than five cents and a whole meal never exceeding twenty-five cents. Of course when the women haven't work they are sheltered and fed and the word "relief" is written against their accounts. Sometimes kindhearted men and women who can spare a few dollars send a donation to the Adjutant and request her to administer the relief it pays for.

Christmas is always an outstanding day in the drab lives of these poor women. But this year it looked as if the customary turkey would be out of reach, as there were so many women far behind with their lodging money. However, the day before the great festival a social worker came to visit one of his charges in the Home, and asked if they were going to have a big turkey on the morrow. When the Adjutant replied that she feared not, the social worker said he would supply the bird himself. So the big dinner came to pass.

Some inmates of the Home come to the door and ask if they can stay, others are brought by their priests, sometimes a clergyman telephones and asks if the Adjutant will take a homeless woman, sometimes the hospitals send them and occasionally a policeman escorts a woman into the shelter, who has been walking the streets half the night, because she has been turned out of her former home for non-payment of rent.

During December last the Working Women's Home supplied 600 free meals and 140 free nights lodging. It also gave out 104 articles of clothing. If the housewives of the city would try to give these women work in their homes, the problem would be on the way to solution."

MONTREAL'S NEEDY

During last month the following relief was distributed in the Metropolis by The Army's Men's Social Department:

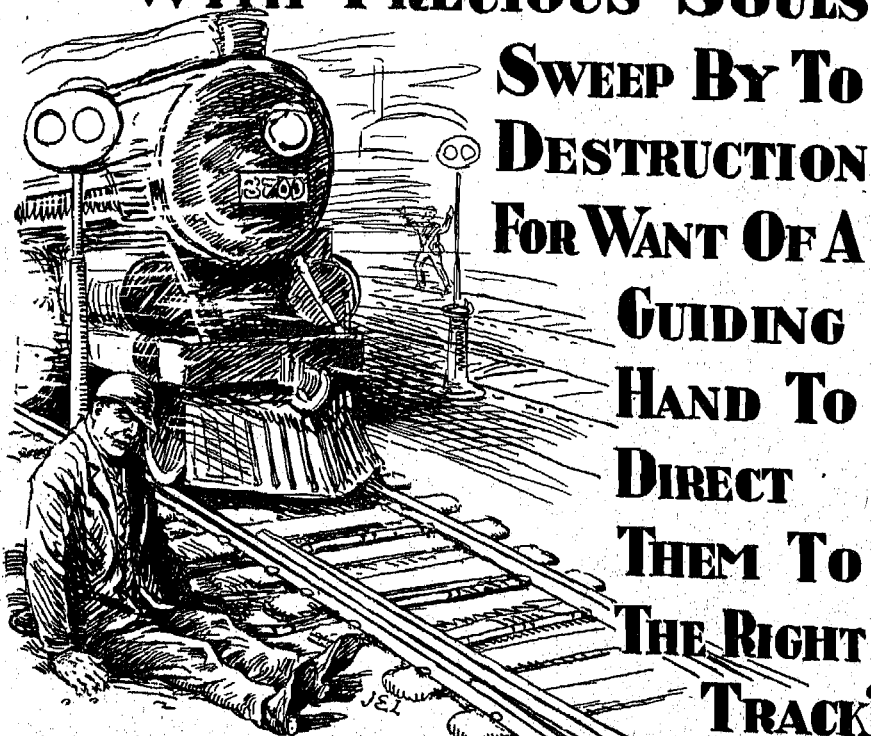
Free meals	107
Free beds	54
Free articles of clothing	698
Free loads of wood	155
Free articles of furniture	44
Families provided with groceries	389

The total value of this relief was \$1,216.

In addition to this, work was supplied to 176 men.

ARE YOU ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH?

DOES THE TRAIN LADEN WITH PRECIOUS SOULS



**SWEEP BY TO
DESTRUCTION
FOR WANT OF A
GUIDING
HAND TO
DIRECT
THEM TO
THE RIGHT
TRACK?**